JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 101.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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After Taking

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

By the time these lines are read, Parliament will have re-assembled, and the real test of the Government will have begun. Not in the innermost circles of the Liberal party is there any definite view as to the probable course of events. With a bit of luck, the Ministry may get through without any serious loss of prestige—but we are taking the odds. If, however, Ireland, Licensing, and Education should get them on the rocks, it is extremely probable that an effort will be made to force the quarrel with the Lords and go to the country on that cry. On the whole, however, we lean to the view that ministers will muddle through—in which case it will be the end of 1909 before they will ask to be relieved of their portfolios—and there will be a General Election early in 1910. On the other hand, if the Lords are very good and will pass the new Education Bill, in its emasculated form, and the Licensing Bill in any form which may be acceptable to the Water-on-the-brain brigade—well, then we shall jog along till the spring of 1912.

Apropos the Licensing Bill, we understand that there have been some rare tussles in the Cabinet. The Lord Chancellor and John Burns have been all for rigorous prohibition—they are whole hogsheaders. On the other hand, Mr. Lloyd-George and others have championed the cause of the moderate drinkers and of the vast army of investors in Brewery Companies. We have not seen the draft Bill, but we believe that Mr. Lloyd-George and his friends have won.

Poor Mr. Birrell! What an unlucky chap he is. He *would* go to Ireland. Who goes next? What about Winston? There's a chance for a pushing young man! By the way, what about these rumoured Cabinet changes? Who says that Herbert Gladstone is going "up"? He is very "comfy" where he is. It is much more likely that the salaries of some of the offices will be revised. For instance, it is a little incongruous that Mr. Gladstone should receive two-and-a-half times as much as Mr. Lloyd-George or Mr. Burns. In these days, the Board of Trade and the Local Government Board are quite as important as the Home Office. And if hard work and regular attention to business count in public affairs, both Lloyd-George and John Burns are fully entitled to a "rise."

We refrain for the moment from making any comment upon the subject of our action against the Official Receiver. As we have made it perfectly clear, we quite anticipated the decision of Mr. Justice Channell upon the plea of Privilege, and it is improbable that we shall carry the matter further—for Mr. Justice Channell is one of the few strong judges now upon the Bench, and we do not think the Court of Appeal would be likely to reverse his judgment. It is, therefore, probable that we shall abandon the proceedings and deal with the Official Receiver, and his staff, in our own way. The worst of it is, however, that our own way is a somewhat rough and ready one.

Here is the report of a recent case in the Police Court. It is headed "Church Worker's Break-down."

> At the Westminster Police Court, on Saturday, Albert Fulcher, a well-dressed man of 45, described as an accountant's clerk, of 86, Tranmere Road, Earlsfield, was before Mr. Curtis Bennett charged with stealing books and diaries, value £2, from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street.
>
> Defendant was bailed after arrest by Canon Scott Holland, who testified to character in a letter to the magistrate.
>
> Miss Florence Lange, one of the private inquiry staff at the Stores, said that on Friday afternoon, in consequence of previous information, she watched the defendant in the book department, and saw him pocket a volume and walk off. When he was stopped, a whole collection of stolen diaries and pocket-books—12 in all—were found on him.
>
> Detective Halsey produced books identified as the property of the Stores, found at defendant's house, and stated that with regard to the diaries, &c., the accused said, "I admit I took them in a moment of mental aberration."
>
> The Defendant: I have been under the doctor suffering from nervous prostration. I admit my guilt, but it is "all through neuritis." I don't know how I came to do it. I don't remember it.
>
> The wife of the accused said that since last September he had been under the doctor for neuritis—"just escaped complete breakdown" was the doctor's opinion. Defendant had had peculiar moods, and suffered from insomnia.
>
> By the Magistrate: He had kept on his business all the time.
>
> The Vicar of Earlsfield said he had known defendant nearly nine years as an earnest Church worker and server. Accused was always doing some work in the

church. Witness regarded him as a man of the highest character. Recently, through the doctor's orders, defendant, instead of serving at every Communion, had been permitted to serve only occasionally. He thought he had been suffering from a disordered mind.

Mr. Curtis Bennett thought the best place for the defendant would be a home of rest, where he might recuperate. To enable his friends and the clergy to arrange for defendant's care in a seaside home, the Vicar of Earlsfield's bail in £10 would be accepted for defendant's appearance.

Now, it may, of course, be that neuritis and kleptomania are allied complaints; but we should have liked to have heard the evidence of the doctor—who, by the way, was not called, upon the subject. We should also have liked more explicit evidence as to the nature of the "Good work" which the prisoner was always doing "in the church." We should also have liked an explanation as to how it was that, in this terrible state of health, the prisoner had still been carrying on his business—and, above all, we should like to know what would have been his fate if, instead of being an "earnest church worker," he had been, say, a Licensed Victualler or a Bookmaker!

Apropos Bookmakers, perhaps the following case will help us to solve the question we have just asked. In a recent prosecution for street betting which came before the Old Street Police Court, the magistrate convicted the offender as a "rogue and vagabond," and sentenced him to three months' imprisonment with hard labour. "Money penalties," said Mr. Cluer, "were no use, and now that the Legislature had made the street-betting man a rogue and a vagabond, prisoner must be dealt with as such." Are our readers aware what this means? Any person over sixteen years of age (if a male), if convicted of street betting for a second or third time, becomes what is known under the Vagrant Act as an "incorrigible rogue," and if the Petty Sessions decide to send an offender of this description to the Quarter Sessions for punishment, the sentence may involve the penalty of flogging with either birch rods or the cat-o'-nine-tails. During the year 1906, eleven floggings were inflicted under the Vagrant Act, seven of which were for begging and sleeping out, and one of the victims was an aged vagrant in his 70th year! This shows the scandalous nature of the vagrancy laws, under which decent men (who are in no sense of the word criminals) may be indecently flogged or birched. That the street Bookmaker should be liable to the degrading and outgrown torture of the lash in the twentieth century seems incredible. The sooner he becomes "an earnest church worker" the better—if not for his salvation, at any rate for his back.

We are surprised at the extent to which public feeling has been aroused by our recent exposures of the "job" connected with Mr. C. J. Stewart's appointment to the office of Public Trustee. Applications for copies of the Petition are coming in from all quarters. The Petition is being extensively signed by members of the London Stock Exchange, solicitors, and accountants, and we hope to get a large number of signatures from Members of Parliament when the House reassembles. Having put our hand to this work, we do not intend to go back.

The Lord Chancellor must be more careful in some of his appointments. Quite apart from the question of the magisterial bench, and that of the Public Trustee, other remarkable cases are constantly coming to our knowledge. For instance, what about Mr. Ernest John Wilberforce, who was announced towards the end of last year, in a prominent position in the *Times* and other papers, as having been appointed Secretary to the Commissioners in Lunacy, and who within a few weeks of the appointment figured in the police-courts upon a charge of insulting behaviour towards ladies—to which charge he pleaded guilty? This sort of thing does not enhance confidence in the present system governing public appointments.

A good deal has been whispered of late about a group of persons who style themselves the Confederacy. Their object in life is to prevent Free Traders from being chosen anywhere as Unionist candidates, and, further, to make life unbearable for any Conservative members who have shown the least hesitation about bowing the knee to the Baal of Birmingham. So far they seem to have had it more or less their own way, but Mr. Stewart Bowles, who has evidently inherited some of his father's determination and pluck, declines to be browbeaten. As he very justly points out, their action, if successful, would mean that no constituency in England is in future to be free to manage its own affairs in its own way, to choose its own candidate, or to support its own member. Considering how jealous, and rightly jealous, constituencies have always been about their own liberty of action, and how quick to resent anything in the nature of outside dictation, we should not be disposed to prophesy a very long life for the Confederacy when once the character of their agitation comes to be understood.

The Irish people seem to have a natural gift for blundering. Surely no other country in the world could solemnly go through the farce of electing a representative Peer only to find that there had been an informality about one of the nominations. We never imagined that there was anything very Irish about Lord Curzon, but if he had been standing in any other country he would surely have taken the elementary precaution of verifying his position first. As it is, perhaps fate has intervened to protect him against himself. Once elected an Irish representative Peer, he would have been chained to the House of Lords for the period of his natural life, or at any rate of its natural life, whereas now, if the objection is not overruled, he may still have a chance of re-entering the House of Commons.

Evidently the new order of things has not yet come into operation at Printing House Square. Just as we were beginning to congratulate ourselves and Mr. Pearson upon the prospects of a decent Thunderer, the whole press is deluged with the old Transatlantic advertisements of a new *Times* publication. There is the old inquiry form with an offer of a "Descriptive Booklet," and all who are reckless enough to fill up the form may count upon plenty of excitement in the way of pamphlets, leaflets, final appeals, and hysterical telegrams until they make up their minds to purchase "The Historians' History of the World." Surely there can never have been a less attractive title to any work intended to appeal to the general public.

We have met a good many foolish people one way or another, but we confess that we are not yet cognisant of anyone with a natural impulse to burthen himself with a history of the world comprising "25 super-royal octavo volumes, 17,000 pages and over 11,000,000 words." The *Times* may not be able to provide us with quality, but, at any rate, it has made up its mind to offer full measure of words and pages and volumes. Knowing its own business from the experience of selling an antiquated encyclopædia, it has evidently come to the conclusion that any rubbish will command a market provided it be sufficiently bulky, sufficiently advertised, and available on credit.

No doubt there are a number of people who will be found quite ready to put this rope round their necks. They will sign an agreement and pay a small sum of money and receive a white elephant, and then for months and years they will be pestered by relentless collectors or threatened with writs, judgment summonses, and invitations to show cause why they should not be com-

mitted to prison. We should never have believed that we could ever yearn quite so anxiously for the coming of Mr. Pearson's kingdom. We do count upon him to put an end to disgraceful tricks of this kind. Really, the great Pan-Asiatic Tea Company seems almost honest in comparison.

An insight into the possibilities of Municipal Socialism is afforded by a notice which has been put up in the Dewsbury tramcars :—

NOTICE TO PASSENGERS.

Don't keep the conducter (*sic*) waiting for your fare, have it ready.

Don't let the conducter guess where you are going to. Tell him when you pay him.

Don't converse with the conducter, he has other duties to perform.

Don't get off the car whilst in motion, if you do so it will be at your own risk, which may land you in the road and a prosecution besides.

BY ORDER.

Once a company secures a monopoly of any kind, it knows that it occupies a position of irresponsibility, and that very many people will be compelled to deal with it, however unsatisfactorily it may do its work. Railway, gas, electric, and other companies assume the same arrogant attitude, whereas if there were any alternative as in the case of competing tradesmen, they would bow and scrape and cringe and wriggle to make themselves agreeable. We wonder that the good people of Dewsbury should submit to illiterate insolence of this kind. If we lived in Dewsbury and saw this notice in a tram, we should have no hesitation in pulling it down, and we very much doubt whether any magistrate would convict us. However, gratuitous impudence of this sort is still happily rare. What will happen when the Socialist tyranny is established and public bodies control all the means of production, distribution, and exchange, we shudder to contemplate. It would not then surprise us to find notices put up, not only in tramways, but in all places within the meaning of the act, warning us : "Breathing Strictly Prohibited."

Mrs. Pankhurst is clamouring for the treatment of the suffragettes in prison as first-class offenders. That is the worst of some of these ladies. They deliberately provoke the law by forcing their way into private houses and creating public disturbances, decline "to go away when called upon to do so," and refuse to give guarantees of good behaviour. Yet when they are cast into prison they expect to be coddled like prize poodles in a West-End drawing-room. If they will be martyrettes, let them take their gruel like martyrettes, and make no fuss about it. There seems no reason why they should be treated differently from other sorts of ladies who make a row and racket in public thoroughfares. Let them confine their agitation for the vote to legitimate channels. At present, while many sympathise with their objects, hardly anybody can be found to defend their means.

Some time ago we offered a warning to British investors in the Ethiopian Railway, and pointed out to the Government that the interests of those investors had not been properly safeguarded. As usual, we have been justified by events. Menelik has not only prevented the continuation of the line up to the capital, but, with true Ethiopian slimness, has deprived the company of the 10 per cent. dues to which it was entitled under the concession. This has brought the company very near to insolvency, and the French Government has indulged in chicanery to prevent the company from borrowing money to provide for its coupon. The obvious object of this is to force the company into liquidation, to squeeze out British shareholders, and to acquire the assets of the company for an old song. This we foresaw when we interrogated Sir Edward Grey as to what steps had been taken on the occasion of the Tripartite treaty to safeguard British interests. We received the usual evasive official answer, but now it appears that the Foreign Office trusted entirely to the good faith of the French, and that this trust has not been justified. As a correspondent in the *Morning Post* points out, with an uncivilised or unfriendly power some express stipulation would have been deemed necessary. But, unfortunately, we were "content to leave the settlement of this question to the sense of justice and equity of the French Government." The result has not been encouraging, and it will be our painful duty to press Sir Edward Grey further on the matter when Parliament reassembles.

From time to time we have urged on the moderate-thinking section of the public—which is largely the moderate-drinking section, too—the need that it should tell its rulers plainly when it does not agree with them. This is desirable, especially, in all matters of licensing, which are attended to primarily by nominated and not directly-elected persons. This system opens the door to wriggling at the elections two or three years after; and it is best for the public to deal with any dereliction or excess of duty at the time it is committed. A little discreet pressure, applied promptly, will often go a long way towards curing the tendency to unnecessary paternalism to which some licensing bodies are subject. An illustration comes from Nottingham. For some not very clear reason a few weeks ago the Licensing Committee of the Nottingham County Council refused to renew the licence of the Mansfield Hippodrome, held by Messrs. Herbert Darnley and Tom Jennings. As it happens, the Mansfield folk like Messrs. Darnley and Jennings, and they did not see why these gentlemen should lose their licence, still less why they, the Mansfield folk, should be inconvenienced by some faddist notion of the Licensing Committee. So a row was kicked up. Subsequently, at a special sitting the licence was granted. Certainly conditions were attached, but that was merely to save the face of the Committee. The dilemma of the Committee is plain. If they were right in refusing the licence, they were wrong in renewing it. The moral also is plain: When Licensing Committees exceed their duty, make a noise, and they will probably fear you as much as they fear the water-only-by-Act-of-Parliament brigade. It is a matter of big drums. We have left them to Stiggins too long.

Recently we commented on the action of the London County Council in refusing to adopt the Act for feeding foodless school-children. That they can rise to the occasion, however, is evident from the fact that they voted £120 for twelve flagstaffs in the Council schools. True, even hungry school-children cannot eat flagstaffs, and would not if they could. True, also, if every Council school is to have a flagstaff, the cost will be anything between £9,000 and £12,000. But when a school possesses a flagstaff it can hang out the Union Jack, while the children throw up their hats for joy that they live in the greatest city of the greatest empire the world has ever known, so it is obvious that wood is really better than food. It is not the fault of the Council that 6,000 hungry children in the schools cannot see things in this way; their minds not being sufficiently developed. But the argument will be quite clear to the intelligent ratepayer!

By the way, Mr. Sims makes a kindly reference in the *Referee* to our recent paragraph on this subject. Our distinguished confrére says: "If the State feeds the children, it must also provide boots and clothing"; and then he points out that the following up of parents who can afford to, but do not, feed and clothe their children, means the employment of an army of Inspectors and all sorts of other troubles. So do the present Poor Laws, and are not there already Attend-

ance Officers? But all this is wide of the mark, dear Dagonet. If it point to anything, it is that our system of compulsory school attendance is wrong.

One of the illuminating topics of the moment appears to be the lighting of Westminster Abbey. There is no question that at evening services and on gloomy days there is not much difference between the Abbey and the coal cellar. We suppose that this is what is meant by the poet when he talks about a "dim religious light." Many persons who attend the Abbey for spiritual welfare, however, think that even the illumination should be something more than darkness made visible, religious literature both in prose and verse being usually printed in small type. We are not disposed to disagree with them. The suggestion is made that the Abbey should be lighted by electricity, properly shaded and softened. No doubt an electric installation would run to money, but it could hardly run to sufficient to frighten the authorities. However that may be, the cry is "Let there be light."

At first sight the "numerously-signed petition" from the inmates of Lambeth Workhouse, setting forth to the Guardians that "we who do good work are entitled to some wages," seems a rather startling proposition. It comes to the quiet, contemplative mind with all the force of mental shock. But, on second thoughts, is it really such a revolutionary proposition in workhouse management that inmates who, as a reverend guardian stated, "more than earn their board and lodging," should receive cash payment to the value of the overplus? The workers have already extra tobacco allowances, a tacit recognition of the principle involved. Why not convert the extra tobacco allowances into hard cash? Of course, we foresee that probably after some payment has been made the inmates will demand the "trade union rate." Even so, the labourer is worthy of his hire. If a man has to go into a workhouse because he cannot get work outside it, and he there engages in labour above the value of his "keep and sleep," there seems no ethical or even economic reason why he should not be paid at market rates. Let the Guardians think about it.

That is a noble inspiration which has illumined the mind of the Earl of Limerick. He invites newspapers whose circulations have increased through the Limerick craze and all persons who win prizes in Limerick competitions to hand over their profits for division among charities. Though the Earl of Limerick writes from County Limerick, it may be doubted whether limerickers will limerick for so beneficent a purpose. Besides, his lordship should have awakened rather earlier in the morning. Limericking is dying. John Bull put the finishing touch to its doom.

Only recently we were drawing attention to the aggressiveness of medical men and medical papers towards patent medicines, so often denounced with glib assurance as quack nostrums; and *The Lancet* has now been instructed to pay £1,000 for its excessive zeal in this direction. Here was an asthma inhaler which, on the evidence of many notable witnesses to whom it has been recommended even by ther own doctors, had done a great deal of good. On the other hand, *The Lancet* did not produce a single case where it had done harm. Our medicinal contemporary seems to have microbes on the brain. On one or two previous occasions we have pointed out that the medical profession itself is not wholly free from quacks and quackery, even in its high places, and that, on the other hand, many so-called quack preparations are the prescriptions of eminent physicians, whilst, on the other hand, many doctors pass on their patients ready-made "specifics" bought from British and American manufacturing chemists, getting not only their fee as doctors but their profits as wholesale buyers in trade. In a word, medicos live in glass houses, and therefore should not throw bricks.

Mr. Anthony Hope is one of the few modest and retiring novelists left on earth. He seldom advertises, but his speeches are good. Lecturing to the Tuesday Society on the modern novel, he confesses that the novelists are too many and the output is too much. "We are a suspected class," he says, "our trade is dangerous, and one of these days I dare say they will take away our licence and give us no compensation." On that gladsome day it may be that Mr. Anthony Hope and one or two others will be specifically excluded from the meaning of the Act; though generally the provisions might well be made more drastic. At least three-quarters of the people who write novels nowadays should not only have their licence stopped without compensation but they should be heavily fined for conspiring to create a nuisance.

One of the questions raised at the Labour Congress was that of running a labour newspaper. Eventually, the Conference left it to the Executive, on the assurance that "negotiations were going on very satisfactorily." This would seem to imply that the party is about to buy up some existing journal. We do not know whether Mr. Keir Hardie or Mr. Robert Blatchford has any goods to sell, and therefore we shall not even hazard a guess as to the proposed vendor in these negotiations. To acquire a newspaper already devoted to "the cause" is certainly a better policy than foundling one *ab initio*. As a French wit once said, our eyes are in front so that we may look before we leap; they are not behind in order that we may not see the abyss when we fall. The founding of a newspaper, and especially a newspaper devoted primarily to a "cause," needs eyes both in front and behind, for not only descent, but disaster, is easy. A paper of that kind is invariably run by groups of men, each of whom wants to get his particular ideas expressed; whereas the only way to carry such a newspaper to success is to settle on a policy, put it in the hands of the best practical journalists and newspaper managers obtainable, and interfere as little as possible. A labour newspaper cannot win through on labour politics or preachments alone. It must succeed on its general interest, either on the literary or news side, or by a combination of both. An amateur experiment is likely to cost the Labour Party dear; and from the fact that advertisers do not like labour papers, may cost them dear anyway.

Probably Mr. Frank Britton Mason, the proprietor of the *Tenby Observer*, has now got as much law as he will be willing to pay for. From one court to another he has carried the allegation of his right as a member of the public and a member of the Press to attend the meetings of the Local Council, which excluded him "until he learned shorthand." The decision of the Court of Appeal is that he has no such right as alleged, and this appears to surprise not only Mr. Mason, but also the Institute of Journalists, who intend to promote a Bill in Parliament to secure the legal right of accredited representatives of the Press to attend and report the meetings of local councils. But, of course, the Press have no right even to attend and report the proceedings of Parliament; they merely enjoy a privilege, which may be denied or restricted as the House pleases. But though the Press are in Parliament on sufferance, it would be now out of the question to exclude them; and if the House of Commons were to act in the high handed fashion of the Tenby Council, either from animus or policy, they would quickly raise the devil. Subject to suitable regulations, it should be the right, and not merely the privilege, of the Press to attend the public meetings of any body authorised to collect and spend public funds; and we therefore hope to see the Bill of the Institute of Journalists well supported in the House.

Mr. Henry Farman has been in London searching for a flying-ground, and has not found it. He has seen Brooklands and half a dozen other places. As, however, he wants at least a square mile of smooth and more or less enclosed land free of telegraph poles, wires, trees, fences, chimney pots, duck ponds, or other obstructions, there are some doubts whether he will be able to obtain it near what a rather too vivid gentleman once described as this "dear, damned, delightful city." However, if there should be anyone who has a back yard or pasture of the required dimensions, free of obstructions as aforesaid, he should communicate with Mr. Farman without delay. Not for a moment do we blame the great aeroplaner for declining to break either his neck or his flyer in these early stages of the higher art. Still, he knows as well as we do that the aeroplaner who flies from London to Manchester will not have to trouble about the chimneys and the telegraph poles; it will be his business to dodge them in the same way as a balloonist, taking all the risks of something going wrong with the works.

It is rather surprising that as yet nobody has offered a prize for an aeroplane obstacle race, with houses, chimneys, trees, telegraph poles, policemen, and so forth as obstacles, the machine to alight on the ground at least once between each. This would encourage and develop the new genius as much as anything.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

Upon compliance with the conditions of the scheme cheques will be duly forwarded.

The following claims have been received:—

Mr. G. COWIE, 33, Adnitt Road, Northampton (No. 34749, December 21st).

Mr. WM. MASSEY, 24, Turner Road, Wood Street, Walthamstow (No. 47873, December 21st).

Mr. W. J. BURY, 40, Sarah Street, Darwen, Lancs. (No. 3733, December 21st).

Mr. H. M. BLOWERS, Grand Louvre, 79–82, High Street, Birmingham (No. 6785, December 14th).

Mr. W. H. BROWNE, 32, Lifford Street, Putney, S.W. (No. 598441, November 16th).

Mr. W. WRIGHT, 67, Torrington Square, W.C. (No. 20803, December 14th).

Mr. W. J. ASCHHOFF, 79, Jeffreys Road, Clapham, S.W. (No. 18081, December 14th).

Mr. J. W. PALMER, Goods Dept., G.W. Ry., Paddington, W. (No. 16989, December 14).

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of DECEMBER 28TH:—

85	3555	3789	5522	8008
10514	12002	14885	14917	18882
21131	26852	27183	35214	38209
38525	38348	46038	51363	53069
54811	58069	62563	63575	64090
68318	70171	70667	75077	78421
78720	79878	81421	88146	88737
90623	92387	96831	100434	101452
101455	102454	102683	104077	105537
105749	107995	112414	113110	113548

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES, IRE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED MARCH 7TH (PUBLISHED MARCH 5TH).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For declaring that he had never before heard of the Thaw case,

PATRICK J. McCUE, of New York,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that some free baths were used last year by 6,704 males, 1,881 females, 2,194 boys, and 3,733 girls,

THE *DAILY CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a lady "disappeared at sea on December 21st," and "was last seen on the morning of Christmas Day seated on deck,"

THE *IRONMONGER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT

For stating that "the movements of war vessels at Sheerness are at a STANDSTILL,"

THE EXCHANGE TELEGRAPH CO.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising Indian game cockerels and pullets under the heading "Musical,"

THE *GLOUCESTER CITIZEN*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that he should like to see all young men COMPELLED *to join the* VOLUNTEERS,

MAJOR GRAY, J.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing a judicial proceeding as an "application for restriction of conjugal rights,"

THE *WESTERN EVENING HERALD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For attributing to "one of the characters in Hamlet" the following quotation from Macbeth, "Lay on, Macduff; and damned be he that first cries 'Hold, Enough,'"

THE *EAST HAM ECHO*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that fifty people "have been trampled to death by fire,"

THE *MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting on January 10th a concert which took place in the Dome at Brighton on the evening of the 11th, describing various items as "splendid," "interesting," &c., and also stating that a certain artiste played two violin solos "in magnificent style," whereas that artiste, being unwell, did not appear,

BRIGHTON AND HOVE SOCIETY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that "sheep have been frozen to death on the Brecon Mountains," and that "a number of motor cars have been injured in this manner,"

THE *BRADFORD DAILY ARGUS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Sir Henry Hawkins "took silk in 1859 and seven years later made a great name for himself in the Tichborne case,"

THE *TRIBUNE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that Free Trade "was a wretchedly mean poor thing to have when they had not got it,"

CAPTAIN MORRISON-BELL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Mr. Ashton sat down at noon and addressed a letter to 102 newspapers, "then, realising that he had still 12 hours before the New Year dawned, he sat down and wrote one other letter,"

THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

IF I WERE PRIME MINISTER.—I.

By Horatio Bottomley.

Increasing the National Income.

If I were Prime Minister, I would make it my first business to raise the National Income from its present total of about 145 Millions to 200 Millions. I would do this by:—

(1) Graduating the Income Tax in such a way as to raise its yield to something approaching 6d. in the £ on the Nation's total Income, *i.e.*, about 50 Millions as against the present yield of about 30 Millions.

(2) By placing a super-tax of 1s. in the £ upon all income derived from foreign investments—representing a yield of about 5 Millions.

(3) By imposing an Employers' Tax of 1d. in the £ upon all wages and salaries paid—representing a yield of about 4½ Millions.

(4) By imposing a tax of 1s. in the £ upon all Betting transactions and Racing Stakes, and granting Licences, subject to strict supervision, to Bookmakers and Turf Commissioners—representing a yield of 2½ Millions.

(5) By taxing Theatre, Music Hall, Concert and other entertainment tickets, Advertisements—representing a yield of 3 Millions.

(6) By a tax on Titles—representing a yield of 2 Millions.

(7) By calling in to the Department of the Public Trustee all dormant Bank Balances—representing a yield of a Million.

(8) By reducing the Civil Service expenditure from 30 to 25 Millions—representing a saving of 5 Millions.

These items represent a total increased income of 43 Millions; the balance I would obtain by economies in various Public Departments, increased taxation of Motor Cars, a Graduated Receipt Stamp, and by appropriating any realised surplus on the Nation's yearly accounts instead of, as at present, adding it to the Sinking Fund.

Utilising the New Revenue.

If I were Prime Minister, I would utilise these 50 Millions as follows:—

Old Age Pensions	£20,000,000
Public Works (Afforestation, Conversion of Derelict Canals into Light Railways, Tramways, Motor and Cycle Roads; Demolition of Slums, etc.)	10,000,000
Increased Naval Expenditure	6,000,000
Payment of Members of Parliament and Election Expenses—representing an average yearly expenditure of ..	250,000
Compassionate Allowances to the Feeble and Infirm	1,000,000
Provision of Meals for School Children	1,000,000
Subsidies to Physical Training, Agricultural, Trade and Commercial Colleges..	2,000,000

Balance to constitute a Reserve Fund for Social, Political, Naval and Military emergencies.

Franchise and Electoral Reform.

If I were Prime Minister, I would abolish all Plural Voting, giving every adult citizen, man and woman, a vote; each of such persons being furnished with a certificate of citizenship, identified by photograph and signature, entitling him or her to vote at either the Local Booth or at any Post Office for a stated constituency on Election Day—all elections being held on the same day. I would establish a Second Ballot, charging a portion of the expense against Candidates who had failed to poll a reasonable percentage of the recorded votes.

Naval Policy.

If I were Prime Minister, I would increase the Naval strength of the Empire until it had attained a three-power standard; and I would attend no more Hague Conferences.

Eschewing Fads and Fanatics.

If I were Prime Minister, I would ignore the Nonconformist Conscience, Cranks, Faddists and Fanatics, and would rely upon the robust manhood and sturdy self-reliance of the nation. I would give the Licensed Victualler a rest and endeavour to keep the Trade in the hands of responsible and self-respecting individuals. I would denude the Education Question of all sectarian bickering, by confining the State Education to secular subjects, giving the free use of the schools to all sects and creeds for religious or ethical teaching out of school hours.

Church and State.

If I were Prime Minister, I would disestablish the Church—giving no State Hall-mark to any particular form of faith.

The House of Lords.

If I were Prime Minister, I would abolish the Hereditary and Episcopal elements in the House of Lords, limiting its membership to 200, half being nominated by the Crown and half by the People (through the House of Commons)—a fresh House being nominated with each new Parliament. I would limit the veto to any measure to a second rejection in two successive Sessions—the matter then to be specially referred to the electorate, and in the event of a further deadlock, the Commons to be entitled to ignore the Second Chamber and demand the Royal Approval.

Local Parliaments.

If I were Prime Minister, I would grant to Ireland, Scotland and Wales Local Parliaments for the management of their own domestic affairs with power to send a limited number of representatives to the House of Commons.

Cabinet Re-Organisation.

If I were Prime Minister, I would re-organise the Cabinet on the following lines:—

Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury.
Minister for Naval Affairs.
Minister for Military Affairs.
Minister for Home Affairs.
Minister for Foreign Affairs.
Minister for Colonial Affairs.
Minister for Indian Affairs.
Minister for Municipal Affairs.
Minister of Finance.
Minister of Labour.
Minister of Trade.
Minister of Agriculture.
Minister of the Poor Law.
Minister of Education.
Minister for Scotland (nominated by the Scotch Parliament).
Minister for Ireland (nominated by the Irish Parliament).
Minister for Wales (nominated by the Welsh Parliament).

The above is what I would do—next week I will show how I would do it.

ADMIRAL AND REAR-ADMIRAL.

In our issue of January 18, we published a statement of the facts in connection with the quarrel between Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, and in our last issue we noticed the *Daily Telegraph* paragraph, in which that journal expressed itself as satisfied that the admiral was not to blame in the matter. It would be interesting to know when last Lord Charles Beresford had a chat with Lord Burnham.

We have since received several letters from naval men, and as we like to give the other side of every question we print two or three of them.

One correspondent writes to us from Portsmouth as below :—

> The essence of discipline is justice, and the essence of justice is a full investigation of charges brought against offenders before the proper constituted authorities.
>
> The discipline in the Navy is well known as a model, and in no fleet in the Navy is it in a higher state than in the Channel Fleet, under the command of Lord Charles Beresford.
>
> In view of the above is it not rather absurd to ask your readers to believe the scandalous charge which you bring against Lord Charles Beresford, that he publicly censured Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott without even ascertaining whether he had any explanation to offer of his apparently insubordinate conduct. To imagine that any officer who had attained to the rank of admiral, to say nothing of that admiral being a strict disciplinarian like Lord Charles Beresford, could be guilty of such a charge, is only another way of saying that his brain was giving way, and I can assure you that this is not the case with Lord Charles.

It will be observed that this gentleman finds it impossible to believe that Lord Charles Beresford refused to listen to Sir Percy Scott's explanation, but he does not offer us any evidence in support of his suggestion that we have been misled.

Much the same is said by another naval officer, who writes :—

> With reference to your article on the Beresford—Scott incident in your issue of this week, there would indeed be some foundation for your statement that Lord Charles's action was that of a man whose enemy had delivered himself into his hand, or at least some colour would be lent to that statement, if there was a word of truth in the charge that you have levelled against Lord Charles—namely, that he condemned Sir Percy Scott without asking him for any explanation of his conduct. Happily such a charge can be easily disproved, and doubtless will be, if a copy of your paper should come to the notice of Lord Charles.
>
> That Lord Charles should ever countenance the punishment of an offender without the latter having had a fair trial, much less be guilty of condemning an untried person himself, is a thing which no one in the service will for one moment believe. Certainly not!

All we can say about this is that if the charge we have brought against the admiral "can be easily disproved," we shall be delighted to admit that we have been unjust to the admiral if our correspondent will acquaint us with the evidence, but no such disproof has as yet been forthcoming. And as to "no one in the service" believing it—well——!

We have room for only one more letter, written by an admiral, who speaks from the point of view of a personal friend, and refuses to believe that our allegations are well founded. He, too, admits that if they represented facts, our comments would not be too severe; but he says they are fiction, and that we have taken no pains to verify. It is sufficient to say in answer that we have taken the greatest possible pains to verify, and we do not see how the evidence can be upset on which our criticisms rest.

> I have just read your article in this week's issue in which you bring a most serious charge against Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, the Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet.
>
> Lord Charles has been recently described, in a dedicatory article by a contemporary writer, as "a true Imperialist—patriotic Statesman—gallant Seaman—able Admiral and most chivalrous and kindly gentleman." As one who has known Lord Charles for many years, I thoroughly endorse these eulogistic terms, and beg to inform you that there can be no possible truth in the charge you bring that he condemned Sir Percy Scott unheard. Such a thing is incredible, and I know Lord Charles sufficiently well to be aware that even in the case of the lowest ranks in his command, he always insists on the fullest investigation before any offender is punished. I fully endorse your opinion that if this charge *was* true of any officer, he would be proved unfit to command, but that there should be even the shadow of a foundation for such a charge against Lord Charles is utterly preposterous.
>
> It is regrettable that more care is not taken by editors to verify their facts before publishing charges such as this against public men.

Our attention has also been directed to an editorial paragraph in the *Daily News*, in which it is said that "the matter (that is, the signal, the reprimand, and the rest) has not been officially brought to the notice of Lord Tweedmouth and his colleagues." It is indeed strange that a London daily newspaper with the pretensions of the *Daily News* can suppose that such an incident as the public reprimand of a rear-admiral has not been referred to the Admiralty.

The whole matter will, of course, be the subject of discussion when Parliament meets, and it will be for Mr. Robertson in the one House, and for Lord Tweedmouth in the other, to explain the position of the Admiralty. We have reason to believe that Lord Charles Beresford has thrown out some ugly hints as to what he will do in the way of making it unpleasant for the Admiralty if he hauls down his flag. We hope these are the hasty expressions of a man who does not keep a very strict guard upon his tongue. Judicious and courageous criticism of the Admiralty, delivered by a man with Lord Charles Beresford's experience of the Navy, and upon the floor of the House of Commons, would be very valuable, but that is a very different thing to "preaching hell-fire about the Navy." We have reason again to believe that the Kaiser has expressed an opinion upon the incident not favourable to Lord Charles Beresford, and although Englishmen do not go to foreigners, Emperors or others, to guide them in such matters, there is no harm in knowing the opinion of such a man as the German Emperor. Lord Charles Beresford, who has been suffering from bronchitis, remains on shore, and his illness would sufficiently account for it. But whether there is any connection between it and the return of Rear-Admiral Moore from the China Station, we must leave it to time to tell. Be that as it may, it is to be hoped that the Government will not be over reticent in replying to the invitation to state the facts to the House of Commons. Full disclosure is as much in the interest of Lord Charles Beresford, if he has been misrepresented, as in that of Sir Percy Scott if he was refused his right of explanation.

TO HIM ABOUT TO MARRY.

"Oh! do not wed a maiden for her money,
Disaster it will follow if you do,"
The parent said, "And you'll discover, Sonny,
Her money is not *harmony* for you.
But to these words of wisdom I'll add these on"
(*Quite aptly at the end they may be shoved*),
"Because a girl has money is no reason
Why she should not, like other maids, be *loved*."

R. C. THARP.

What is Your Number?

FIFTY NUMBERS DRAWN WEEKLY.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 101.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"Problems of the Spiritual." By the Rev. Arthur Chambers. (London: Taylor. 1907. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

It was quite unnecessary for the author to send out his portrait as a frontispiece, for the perusal of a very few lines of his book will suffice to convince us of his silliness. In halting, almost illiterate language, bristling with split infinitives and distorted words, he labours to prove a connection between Christianity and modern spiritualism. Much of the book is by no means new, many of the conclusions are futile, and practically nothing is added to the sum of human or theological knowledge. My only object in noticing it at all is to express my amazement that another work by the same author should have gone through one hundred and four editions. Perhaps that was due to the energy of the publisher, whose sense of reverence has prompted him to advertise a Bible as a "Marvellous Line," and a prayer-book as a "Wonderful Line." But I do not congratulate him upon the printed circular he has sent out including the following sentence: "I shall be exceedingly obliged if you will kindly give a review of it in the columns of your valuable paper." The compliment is somewhat discounted by the implication that every paper to which this book has been sent is "valuable."

"Brummell." By Cosmo Hamilton. (London: Long.)

Having once read a clever book by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, I am surprised to find him capable of producing this very small beer. I cannot quite make out whether it is intended to be funny. If so, the intention is not a good one. The book consists of idiotic remarks upon obvious subjects by an imaginary character, who can never have existed and need never have been invented. I will content myself with quoting one passage, taken at random, for one passage is almost exactly like another:—

> All the time the country is being run by us, and some six hundred village idiots with the incurable itch for talking are made to pay their own whack in their own asylum instead of being kept by us in one of ours. Ain't that tweeky? *Now* who says that the English are devoid of a sense of humour. I mean—what?

If Mr. Hamilton has any English admirers, they must form the exception which proves the rule. "What?"

"A Modern Orson." By John Lawrence Longstaffe. (London: Allen. 1907. Price 6s.)

This book may be recommended to anyone suffering from an attack of influenza, for it is quite cheerful and amusing. The hero happens to stroll into a chemist's shop in Glasgow for a draught, but is given a potion which entirely destroys his memory. He has to learn everything all over again from the beginning, and his first efforts at language are quite funny. He soon picks up reading and writing, but no one bothers about his religious or moral education. Indeed, a cynical old doctor tells him that theft and murder are only crimes when the perpetrator is found out. The hero takes this literally, steals things when he takes a fancy to them, and flings people into the river with a clear conscience. A variety of comical complications occurs, and, of course, all comes right in the end. I am not quite convinced that the psychology is always accurate, but much may be forgiven to an entertaining and even exciting book.

"The White Rose Mystery." By Gerald Biss. (London: Greening. 1907. Price 6s.)

I do not know when I have ever read such senseless twaddle as has been served up in this tedious shocker. It will be remembered that there was in this country until quite recently a number of people who kept alive the traditions of the old Jacobites. They decorated statues, kept anniversaries, and toasted the Stuart heiress as "The Queen over the Water." Mr. Biss represents these amiable people as engaged, under the presidency of a duke and a duchess, in bloodthirsty plots for the assassination of cabinet ministers. As the duke in question is represented as "the first peer of the realm," I should think the Duke of Norfolk would have a case if he cared to prosecute Mr. Biss for criminal libel. However, the book is too idiotic to be taken seriously. The plot is so lame that it never arouses the faintest interest or even curiosity, and Mr. Biss does not appear to have studied the elements of his subject. For instance, he makes his twentieth-century Jacobites drink the health of "King Charles III. of Great Britain and Ireland," forgetting that Prince Charles Edward was known to the Jacobites as Charles III. in the eighteenth century. And Mr. Biss pretends to discern disloyalty to King Edward not only in the decoration of King Charles I.'s statue, but even in a celebration of the death of William of Orange. There is not a single redeeming feature on a single page of this stupid story.

"Pekin to Paris." By Luigi Barzini. (London: Richards. 1907.)

Considering that the long journey from Pekin to Paris must have offered many opportunities for adventure, considering also that the author of this book is a journalist, I can only say that I am amazed by his moderation. At Tjumen he was interviewed by the correspondent of a Russian newspaper:—

> He said, "Tell me something."
>
> "I have nothing to tell you. I am sorry. . . . The journey has been excellent. That's about all."
>
> "Tell me something more."
>
> "There is nothing more to tell."
>
> "Try to think of something."
>
> I sat silent, I did my work, I busied myself, I forgot his existence. Then all of a sudden I would hear his voice—
>
> "Have you thought of anything?"

All through his endless book the unfortunate author seems to be perpetually engaged in a vain struggle to tell us something. But he really accomplishes little more than a few dull descriptions of bad roads, pictures of Prince Borghese's motor-car sinking into the mud or being pulled out by peasants and oxen, and tedious accounts of the various entertainments which were offered to the travellers on the way. As far as I can make out the journey proved nothing, except perhaps, that a motor-car is of little or no value for conveying goods or passengers for long distances over rough country. Prince Borghese's party could not even take the small amount of luggage which they really required, and they were constantly dependent upon local assistance to drag them along. They seemed to be unduly proud of their feat of endurance, though, as a matter of fact, they did not have to endure anything very dreadful. They received a few bruises when a bridge broke down, their faces and hands were blistered in the Gobi desert, and they disliked the cold in Siberia. But none of their adventures were much more serious than any which might easily have happened to them in a Surrey lane. It is true that on one occasion they broke a wheel, and the author makes terrible lamentations over the incident, though a local wheelwright was easily able to repair the mischief in a few hours. At long intervals we find little touches of humour which are only welcome as oases in this great Gobi desert of a narrative. For instance, there are some amusing exhibitions of the habits of Russian telegraph clerks. They would refuse to send off anything which was not written in Russian, and they would complain bitterly when they considered a telegram too long. On one occasion, when these difficulties had apparently been overcome after some two hours' discussion, the author retired to bed.

> It was long after midnight when there came a knock at the door of my room in the hotel.
>
> "What is it?" I asked.
>
> "Did you send off a telegram?"
>
> I jumped out of bed in a rage and went to open my door.
>
> "Yes," I cried to the maitre-d'hôtel, whom I found there. "I sent it four hours ago. Four hours!"
>
> "Calm yourself," said the man softly; "your telegram is gone; it may have already reached its destination. The telegraph clerk only wants to know something——."
>
> "What?"
>
> "He wants to know whether the words of your telegram should be read going down the page, one under the other, or across it from left to right."
>
> I stood there stunned. Then I fell upon a chair, exclaiming in aggrieved tones—
>
> "My telegram was not in Chinese, nor was it in Japanese. I can swear it; I wrote in a European language. Only Chinese and Japanese are written and read in columns down the page; telegraphed in columns, too!"
>
> "All right, all right; I will tell him at once. From left to right, isn't it?"
>
> "But since you say that it has already been sent off, how did they send it? How?"
>
> "Reading it down the page, sir."

BOOKS TO ASK FOR.

"Under Masks." By H. F. Wiber Wood. (Sisleys, Ltd. 6s.)
"Nor All Your Tears." By Maud H. Yardley. (Sisleys, Ltd. 6s.)
"A Sheaf of Corn." By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen & Co. 6s.)
"Love and the Ironmonger." By F. F. Randall. (John Lane. 6s.)
"The Man from America." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 7d. net.)
"The Nun." By René Bazin. (Eveleigh Nash. 6s.)
"Caroline." By Clementina Black. (Murray. 6s.)
"The Individualist." By Philip Gibbs. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
"The Standertons: a Society Sketch." By the Earl of Ellesmere. (Heinemann. 6s.)
"Rambling Recollections." By Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. (Macmillan.)
"James Thomson." By G. C. Macaulay. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)

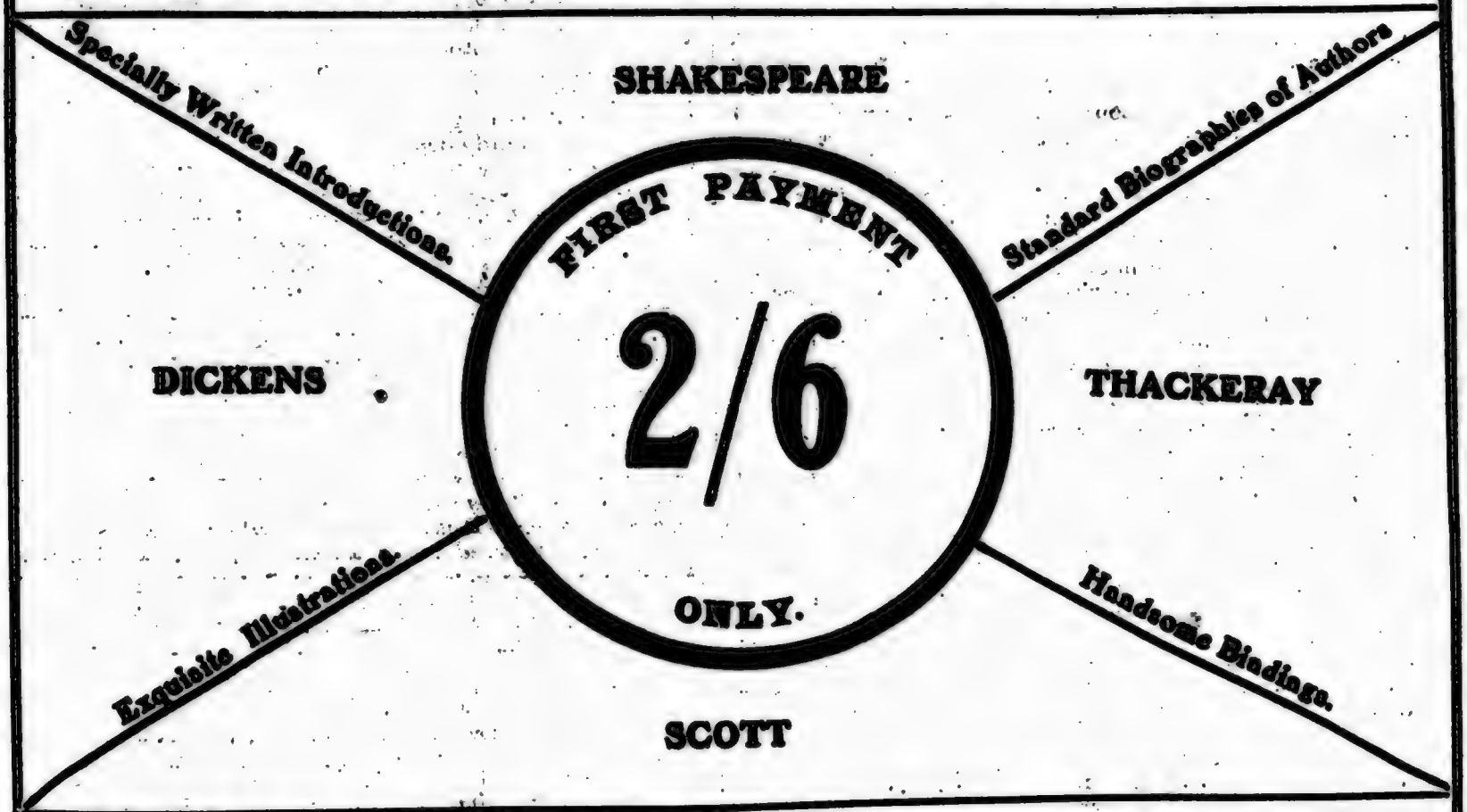
THE FOUR MASTERS:

The Windsor Shakespeare.

The Windsor Edition of Shakespeare, in 20 volumes, includes a fine Life of Shakespeare, as well as his Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, and Poems. This Edition is edited by HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D., and the Introductions and Notes are, by special arrangement with Dr. Hudson, the same as those in the famous Harvard Edition. The illustrations are a very unique feature of this edition. They comprise:—A fine series of twenty-seven Coloured Plates; thirteen Plates of famous Shakespearian Interpreters produced by the Rembrandt process; and eighty Plates reproducing the most famous Illustrations to Shakespeare by famous Painters. There are also included authentic Illustrations relating to Shakespeare's Life.

The London Dickens.

The London Edition of Dickens' Novels, in 30 volumes, is printed upon an antique wove paper and bound in rich cloth, decorated with the Coat of Arms of the City of London, in a volume light to handle. Its price brings it within the reach of all classes. "The Life of Charles Dickens," by F. G. Kitton, the famous Dickensian, occupies two volumes. Some valuable Portraits are included. Each novel includes a short Illustrated Introduction, and the more famous of Dickens' characters are traced back to their original prototypes. The illustrations include the famous original ones by "Phiz," Cruikshank and Leech, Seymour and Catternole. The London Edition contains 104 beautifully Coloured Plates, as well as over two hundred plain ones.



The Melrose Waverley.

The Melrose Edition of the Waverley Novels, in 27 volumes, is printed by the Ballantyne Press, the original printers of the Waverley Novels, in large, clear type, on a fine, antique laid paper. The volumes are strong and light to handle. The illustrations include twenty-five frontispieces in Colour, and over 200 full-page Plates in Black and White. The Coloured Frontispieces have been painted specially for the Melrose Waverley by well-known artists. Other Illustrations are by Turner, Landseer, Etty, Birket Foster, Frith, Cruikshank, and others. The Cruikshank Plates, thirty-five in number, form a distinct and valuable feature. The last two volumes of the Melrose Edition of Waverley contain the famous "Life of Scott," by Lockhart, illustrated by authentic plates.

The London Thackeray.

The London Edition of Thackeray, in 26 volumes, is uniform in size with the London Edition of Dickens. It includes the "Life of Thackeray," by Lewis Melville, the only authoritative life ever published. Each volume has a valuable introduction, illustrated by a series of elucidating drawings. The illustrations make good the claim of the publishers that this is an *edition de luxe* at a popular price. They comprise:—A large number of Thackeray's own Drawings, many of which are for the first time produced in colour; a Series of Illustrations from Original Drawings by Richard Doyle, George Cruikshank, John Leech, and others; Photographs of the Author, etc.

JOHN O' LONDON'S BOOK FREE.

The famous journalist and literary critic, "John o' London," has written a delightful little book, "The Four Masters," which will be sent free and post free to readers of JOHN BULL who fill in and send off this form. Applicants will also receive fullest details of these fine editions, together with particulars of a plan by which any one of them will be delivered complete for a first payment of 2 6.

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Dept. 7., CLUN HOUSE, SURREY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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(1) A copy of "THE FOUR MASTERS."
(2) Illustrated Prospectuses of your editions of these four authors.
(3) Particulars of your plan by which any edition is delivered complete for a first payment of 2/6, the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

NAME.....

J311. (Send this form or a postcard mentioning this paper.)

ADDRESS.....

CROW'S SPEECH.

By Jim of that Ilk.

[*We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.*]

My Lords and Gentlemen,—In calling you together to deliberate upon the affairs of the World and the Flesh, I may begin by pointing out that I have one advantage over His Majesty the King. He, poor fellow, has to be content to deliver a speech which has been popped into his mouth by his ministers. He may not agree with a single word it contains, he may blush for the grammar and shudder over the sentiments, but he has to spit it out all the same. I, on the other hand, am allowed to draw up my own speech and deliver it in my own way.

Foreign Affairs.

My relations with foreign powers are as good as can be expected, seeing that I have insulted most people's nations and languages in the course of the year. I was glad to see my old friend the German Emperor over here the other day, and I can well understand the pleasure he experienced in spending a few weeks in a civilised country. I have also received visits from Prince Olaf and the Prince of Asturias, but I do not think it can have been good for them to attract so much attention in the press, and I trust that when they decide to repeat their visit to my country, they may be very many years older. I take this opportunity of recording my entire sympathy with the new Sultan of Morocco in his brave and patriotic attempt to repel the invasion of a foul and treacherous foe. I have observed with anxiety the persistent attempts of the authorities in Portugal to interfere with the liberties of the people, and I trust that the representative of the old line may soon have an opportunity of redressing their grievances. My relations with the occupant of the Servian Throne remain unchanged, and I still cherish a hope that he may some day be brought to justice.

The House of Lords.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—Your first duty (after making ample provision for my privy purse) must be to establish your authority as representatives of the nation. The continued existence of a second chamber, acting merely as the champion of privilege and the obstructor of reform, is an intolerable nuisance. I am only surprised that you have endured it so long. It is not as if a revolution were needed to rid us of the veto of the Lords. A sufficiently large creation of new Peers will solve the problem at once, and I, for my part, am quite willing to take my share in the work.

Legislation.

Most of the legislation which will be set before you will have for its object the revocation of oppressive enactments, which both parties have made it their business to introduce during a very long period of time. You will be invited to inaugurate, perhaps for the first time in the annals of this country, an era of Liberty. Every man will be permitted to do whatever seems right in his own eyes, provided always that his actions shall not infringe upon the rights and liberties of others. In the matter of licensing, for instance, a complicated question will immediately be simplified by the application of this one natural principle. Instead of imposing pains and penalties upon the purveyors of liquid refreshment, instead of confirming a monopoly which benefits the few at the expense of the many, you will be asked to content yourselves with the removal of all restrictions. For purposes of revenue it may be necessary to make some charge for licences to sell intoxicating liquors. But such licences should be available to all persons of good repute who are willing to pay for them. The laws of supply and demand will prevent any undue multiplication of public-houses, and free competition will undoubtedly improve the quality of all liquors offered for sale.

Popular Amusements.

Perfect freedom in the matter of gambling may likewise be reckoned upon as a remedy for many existing abuses. The experiment of driving various vices below the surface has been tried and found wanting. It is now proposed to bring the amusements of the people out into the open, there to be controlled by the salutary expression of public opinion. Such legislation, I need hardly remind you, will have the advantage of doing away with many grievous distinctions now existing between the rich and poor. Whereas a poor man is now prohibited from wagering in the streets, and may be hauled before a magistrate for indulging in a game of pitch and toss, his wealthier fellows are permitted to squander thousands on the turf or at various gaming resorts on the Continent.

Nuisances.

At the same time it is not proposed to tolerate nuisances which are vexatious or dangerous to the general public. A bill for the regulation of perambulators in public places, a bill for the summary destruction of beards and other verminous growths, and a bill for the discouragement of garrulity, both inside and outside Parliament, will be laid before you at an early date.

Children.

I intend to appoint a Commission to investigate the causes of increasing squeamishness with regard to the younger generation. I am quite prepared to admit that, like everybody else, they are entitled to the protection of the law, not only against persons who ill-use them, but also against their own worst enemies, which is to say themselves. Children are probably stupider than almost any other animals, and steps should certainly be taken, by shutting them up in cages or compounds, to prevent them from falling into mischief. The point that I wish to emphasise is this: That, wherever children are concerned, an increasing number of people entirely lose their heads. It will, therefore, be well to institute an inquiry into a tendency which has already become a menace to the State. Proposals for Childhood Suffrage will also be laid before you at an early date.

Concluding Compliments.

I dare say that some of you may perhaps disagree with one or two of the observations which I have thought it my duty to make in this speech. In that case I can only invite all such persons to lose no time in going to the Devil. But the great majority of my readers, I feel convinced, are in perfect agreement with my views, and they shall have the gratification of hearing that I have decided to bestow my blessing upon them.

YORK HOUSE SICK FUND AND BENEFIT SOCIETY.

With reference to a paragraph that appeared in the issue of January 18th, in which a correspondent stated that "the Junior Army and Navy Stores compel their employees to contribute to a Sick Fund, which now amounts to a sum of £9,000, which the Stores take and pay no interest on," we have received the following letter from Mr. E. J. Clark, Secretary of the York House Sick Fund and Benefit Society:—

> Sir,—The attention of the Committee of this Society has been called to a paragraph in your issue of the 18th inst. under the heading of "H. E., East Finchley."
>
> The statements made in that paragraph are absolutely untrue. The "York House Sick Fund and Benefit Society" is a registered Friendly Society, composed solely of the employees of the Junior Army and Navy Stores, Ltd., but membership is entirely *voluntary*, and we know of no case where undue influence has been exercised; indeed, when the rules are properly understood the employees are only too ready to join, for the benefits are such as no ordinary society could offer or afford to give. It is managed by a committee elected by the members, and neither the officials or directors of the Junior Army and Navy Stores exercise any control whatever over the Society.
>
> I enclose a copy of our 1906 Balance Sheet (1907 being printed), from which you will see that our funds, amounting to nearly £3,000 (not £9,000), are invested in public stocks, and are earning interest, so that it is contrary to the facts to state that our money is used by the Stores.
>
> In justice to the directors and management of the Junior Army and Navy Stores, Ltd., and also the Committee of this Society, I shall be glad if you will publish this denial in the next issue of your paper.

The Balance Sheet confirms Mr. Clark's statement. We much regret the publicity given in our columns to the statement of our correspondent.

BARGAINS.—GENUINE STOCKTAKING SALE.—The magnificent Stocks of Jewellery, Silver Plate and Watches, to be cleared at 4s. in the £ Discount off marked prices, for a few days only. Saqui and Lawrence, 28 to 31, Liverpool Street; 54, Strand; 97, Fleet Street; 276-277, Pentonville Road; and Piccadilly Circus (opposite "The Criterion"), London.—[Advt.]

A WORD FROM THE WINNER OF SAMUDA'S GREAT PRIZE.

PAYING OVER THE PRIZE.

The winner of the first prize in Samuda's Second Great Limerick, £8 per week for life, a House furnished by Waring's, and a Pony and Trap, is a young Glasgow man, aged 23 years. He resides at the address given at the head of his letter, with his mother and sister. He is employed by the well-known firm of Montgomerie & Co., Ltd., the manufacturers of Dermaline Bread, and has been with that firm ever since he left school. The day after the result was declared, Saturday, January 11th, Samuda's representative, in the presence of Mr. McGhie, Mr. Montgomerie (his employer), and several Glasgow professional gentlemen, fully discharged Messrs. Samuda's obligations in the matter, and the administration of the prize was vested in Mr. McGhie and his representatives, who now have it in full control. There is no doubt about Messrs. Samuda's ability to pay this big prize—it is paid. Mr. McGhie writes as follows:—

THE WINNER'S THANKS.

8, Craignethan Gardens, Partick, Glasgow,
January 13th, 1908.

Messrs. Samuda,

DEAR SIRS,—I have to thank you very cordially for the highly satisfactory and prompt manner in which you handed over the first prize in your Second Limerick Competition, in which I had the good fortune to be the successful competitor.

The fact of my receiving the Prize on the 11th inst., only one day after my name was advertised in the "Westminster Gazette," speaks volumes for the promptitude with which you handed over the prizes as well as for the genuine nature of your popular competition.

I am, yours faithfully,
ROBERT McGHIE.

SAMUDA'S THIRD GRAND LIMERICK

First Prize £1000 Cash

Second, £100 Cash; Third, £50 Cash
Consolation Prizes—Five of £10 each.

No matter how few enter, we pay all Prizes in full.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Where the competitor prefers Cigars or Pipe Tobacco, or a higher grade Cigarette, we are prepared to supply "Avoca" Cigars, "Avoca" Infantee Whiffs, "Avoca" Smoking Mixture, or "Avoca" Virginia, Turkish, and Egyptian Cigarettes in place of "Traylee" Cigarettes. Particulars will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

Judges:

Mr. H. GREENHOUGH SMITH,
Editor of the "Strand Magazine."
Mr. ARTHUR LAWRENCE,
Late Editor of the "Idler."
Mr. HORTON T. PIGOTT,
of the "World."

Samuda's are not making a fortune out of these Limericks.
They are content if the sales of "Traylee" Cigarettes pay a proportion of the cost of the Competitions.
The Competitions are arranged to advertise their new "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes.
The "Traylee" Cigarettes are the best Virginia Cigarettes on the market at 1s. 6d. per 100.
You are always smoking Cigarettes.
Begin now with "Traylee"—a box a week.
Send a last line with each box you buy week by week.
It is no loss to you and you may win £1,000 Cash.

CONDITIONS.

1. The conditions are simple. Below we print a Limerick. All you have to do is to cut out the form and fill in the last line of the Limerick, sending same to us with your order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes together with postal order for 2s. 6d. and 2d. for postage (2s. 8d. in all). Any number of last lines may be sent, but for each one a further 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased, and the price thereof, including postage, 2s. 8d., included. See note headed—Important Announcement.
2. Every solution sent in will be carefully classified and judged entirely on its merits. As it is impossible to do this in the short space of one week, competitors are requested to send in their last lines at the earliest possible date.
3. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Westminster Gazette" on March 10th.
4. Cheques will be sent to prize-winners within a week of the result being made public.
5. No member of the firm, employés, or friend of any member or employé, is eligible to compete.
6. Competitors wishing to have the results specially posted to them must enclose an additional stamp when sending in their order.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND FILL UP CAREFULLY

JOHN BULL, No. 2.

Address envelope—The Limerick Committee, c/o J. SAMUDA & CO., 24, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. .....1908.

GENTLEMEN,—Kindly send post paid a box of 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes, for which I enclose P.O. 2/6, and 2d. for postage.

If from any cause you do not execute this order, you are at liberty to return my money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a Competitor. I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the Competition on that distinct understanding.

Here is an unfinished Limerick to which the last line should be added:

Unique is the prize, so say we,
And not less unique is "Traylee."
You've no loss to repine,
If you send a last line,
....

(Please write clearly.)

Full Name .....

Postal Address .....

Town .....County .....

If more than one last line is sent, write same, with name and address, on a separate sheet of plain paper and pin to the entry form. Only one attempt must be written on each sheet, and for each last line sent in 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased at 2/8, including postage. Additional entry coupons will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

P.E.P.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Lord Meath, Metropolitan Public Gardens Association.

My Dear Lord,—It gives me great pleasure to note the offer of your valuable association to make money grants for prizes to parochial or other societies, and to school organisations and local flower show committees, willing to arrange as part of their summer programmes outside window-garden competitions in the poorer parts of the metropolis. In the summer time even the dark slums would be brightened if the poor were stimulated to make gardens on their window-sills. As you are aware, my lord, there are some flowers, many flowers, which will bloom and blossom even in gloomy places, and their cost is so small that a few subscriptions collected by local committees from flower lovers would easily cover it. I have seen some charming window gardens in poor houses in the East-end of London, and I wish I could see more. That would follow if the interest of the poor in flowers were more generally aroused by the local societies to which you appeal. In my opinion, the clergy do not do half enough in this way; the plants and bulbs being supplied to those who could not afford to buy them, the prizes would be awarded for culture and display. Your object has my best wishes, my lord, and it occurred to me to drop you a line to assure you of them.

John Bull.

To Thomas James Macnamara, Esq., M.P.

Dear Sir,—I have always admired your strenuous energy, your merry wit, and your undoubted talents. But I sometimes wish that you could be induced to restrain yourself a little more. You must remember that you are now a Minister of the Crown, and that antics, which were no doubt all very well in barracks or a schoolroom, are no longer seemly on your present pinnacle. It is difficult to restrain a shudder on reading that you have been posing as a public singer, or relating the story of your life for the entertainment of small boys, and I sometimes cannot help fearing that, if you are not careful, you will soon make yourself too cheap, or even give yourself away. You seem to labour under the delusion that everybody is constantly burning to hear you talk about yourself. That is the only explanation I can think of for the publication of such dreary details about your childhood, as how you played truant, how you missed a tea-party, and how you were smacked. Do stick to your work at the Local Government Board. There must surely be plenty to do there still, at any rate enough to keep you out of mischief.—Yours faithfully,

John Bull.

P.S.—By the way, what has happened to the other Mac?

To Walter Hudson, Esq., M.P.

My Dear Hudson,—Seems to me that Labour Congress of yours at Hull doesn't quite know on which of its legs to dance. One day it defeated a resolution to make Socialism its definite "object" by 951,000 to 91,000; the next day it swung round and declared for making Socialism its definite object by 514,000 against 469,000. It has made all the leader-writers look idiots. What it has made itself look like I shall take leave not to state. Anyhow, Socialism is the definite object now, and I am looking forward to the Millennium. Please say, *entre nous*, whether the Congress has fixed the date, for I wish to make arrangements for selling out before I put up the shutters.

John Bull.

To Captain Clinkem, Spurs' Club, London.

My Dear Cap,—Have you heard the news? Really, I don't know what the British Army is coming to. Tell you where it's going to, anyhow. It's going to the dogs, so it is. Soon an officer will be no more thought of than an ordinary Atkins. New regulations issued authorise you to ride on the underground railways and tubes, if you don't happen to have any baggage with you at the time. Likewise, you may have a penn'orth of 'bus or tramcar, provided that you are disguised in mufti. Evidently Haldane takes you for an ordinary person. Beastly Radicalism, that's what it is. Wants you to re-breathe the breath of the common people. Yearns to shunt you alongside the horny-handed sons of toil and others of the lower classes. Got an idea that you, an officer and a gentleman, are longing for a chance to save money. It's a scandal and a shame, an outrage and an insult, a——but no matter; the time will come. Meanwhile, of course, you will decline to entertain his revolutionary proposals and refuse to be discovered in the act. Penny 'bus, indeed! Soon they'll be issuing an order authorising you to partake of beer. Write and tell me what you think of it all when you have time to tear yourself away from your military duties.

John Bull.

To Mr. Davy Jones, ex-Chairman North Carnarvon Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, Bangor.

Dear Brother,—From your remarks at the meeting of the N.C.W.C.M., I gather that you do not smoke. Don't think I am blaming you, for this is a somewhat free country and you are certainly entitled to refrain if you think smoking would imperil your chances of a blessed resurrection. Yet I fain would have a word with thee, dear brother.

I see you told the N.C.W.C.M. aforementioned that it hurt you to the quick to see ministers with pipes in their mouths about the streets, especially when they had just left a Band of Hope meeting. But why should it hurt you so much? You need not inhale the fragrant fumes. You may even go on the other side of the street. Besides, I can assure you that smoking is not prohibited by any of the Ten Commandments. I have looked. Probably you are unacquainted with German, Welsh being near enough for you. But perhaps it will cheer you somewhat to know, dear brother, that there is a German legend which says that first the Lord made man; then He made woman; then He felt sorry for man and made tobacco.

I recall that some years ago the late Mr. Huxley, a gentleman of whom you may have heard, arose and told the British Association that for forty years of his life tobacco had been an abomination unto him. Then one day he went to Brittany with some friends for the good of his health, and in due course he and they hied them to an inn. His friends began to smoke, and looked happy. Outside it was very wet and dismal. He thought he would try a cigar. He did, and found it delicious. From that moment he was a changed man; "and now," he concluded, "I feel that smoking is a comfortable and laudable practice."

I agree with that lofty style of thought, dear brother. I think smoking is a religious duty. It soothes the nerves. It stimulates the brain. It calms the ruffled spirit. It fumigates the conservatory. Wherefore, I would rather lose my hair than lose my baccy. You remember the sailor's three wishes: All the baccy in the world, all the rum in the world—and more baccy. That's me.

John Bull.

To Monsieur Chauffeur, Rushing Road, Dangertown.

Sir,—Will you permit me to ask whether it would convenience you at all if all the rest of the people were to get off the earth? The editor of one of the motor-car journals, I see, laments that the pedestrian has rights everywhere. I have not perceived many of those rights myself since you came on the road, but if he has any left, we will have them abolished by Act of Parliament. Meantime, perhaps, it would save time and trouble if you were to continue your beneficent work. With all the pedestrians dead or in hospital, their rights would not matter. You would have the roads to yourself, and while a new population was being born you could mark them "private." You will not mind my saying that I should like to see you put a little more energy into your arduous labours. Last year, for instance, I find that you killed only 215 people and injured 675; whereas with a trifling excess of energy you might have killed the whole lot. In the same period you were only convicted 2,046 times. Regarding all the facts without bias, I am sure you can do better than this. Increase your speed, and never mind what the Duke of Wellington called a "twopenny damn" about anything else; you will get results. It is somewhat difficult to widen the roads, but we can easily increase the number of the cemeteries. Pray give the matter serious consideration.

John Bull.

J.B.: "What are you doing with that thing?"
C.B.: "I'm only taking him for a walk."

IN THE CITY.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY'S MEETING.

An extraordinary general meeting of the British South Africa Company was held at the Cannon Street Hotel on Thursday last for the purpose of hearing a report by the Visiting Commission as to what they saw, proposed, and did during their recent sojourn in Rhodesia. It was quite an interesting meeting. Mr. Birchenough grew eloquent upon the beauties of the country and "the soft spray and iridescent foam of the Victoria Falls." The Marquis of Winchester "had no hesitation in saying that in Southern Rhodesia the Company possessed absolute security for every penny the shareholders had invested," but as to the Northern territory, his Lordship was discreetly silent. Mr. Hawkesley, with characteristic modesty, spoke last. He told the meeting that "he wishes no longer to be looked upon as a mere lawyer, but as a man of affairs," and he, too, is certain that the Company has ample assets for the twenty-five millions it has already spent, and for the other millions that it will spend before long if only it can raise them. But when we come down from the heights we do not get much information from these speeches upon crucial points.

The two main points upon which shareholders wished and wish to be enlightened are these. (1) What are the new capital requirements? (2) How is the country to be populated? On the first point, whilst making it clear that new capital is urgently wanted, Mr. Hawkesley deferred any statement as to details until the annual general meeting; and as to the second he said nothing. And yet this question of population covers the whole situation. Rhodesia may be all that Mr. Birchenough paints it. It may be capable of growing the cotton crops pictured by Mr. Hawkesley, but surplus will not exceed expenditure, adequate development is impossible, without a large influx of population. At present it is practically stationary.

How is it to be increased? Mr. Birchenough says that the Company are going a good way towards meeting the demands of the settlers, and Mr. Hawkesley says that there is no country in the world that offers greater attractions to the immigrant, but the fact remains that Rhodesia does not attract, and it does not do so, largely, but not altogether, because the Government is anomalous, arbitrary, and exacting. It may be that a generation or two hence it will be a great and thriving country, but after all the shareholders of the Chartered Company—the most patient and hopeful body of shareholders in existence—want to know when they may see some return for their money; they are not working altogether for posterity. Mr. Birchenough says, that "the terms we are now offering are far more attractive than those we have ever offered before," but the question is whether they are attractive enough. In contrast to Mr. Birchenough's fairy picture of happiness and contentment, Mr. Hawkesley admits that "they (the Commission) found the people discontented and unhappy." He thinks they left them contented and happy. We hope it may be so, but we doubt it. "The Company" says Mr. Hawkesley, "was formed for the acquisition of gain, and it was the director's duty to the shareholders to show some return on the money they had invested in the country." Precisely, but what likelihood is there of that return? None that we can see within the lifetime of men now not very old.

LORD ARMSTRONG.

We have reason to believe that it is supposed in quarters that ought to be better informed that Lord Armstrong takes a leading part in the management of the great Newcastle firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., Ltd. As a matter of fact Lord Armstrong has nothing whatever to do with the management of the business. It is true he is a Director, but only in a very nominal sense. He is on the Board because he is the nephew of his uncle, the creator, and for a long stretch of years the controller of the Company. It is desirable to mention this because Lord Armstrong is associated with several companies of a highly speculative character, and investors, under the impression that he is at the head of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., Ltd., may assume that such concerns represent safe investments, since the Managing Director of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., Ltd., would not be at all likely to associate himself with doubtful ventures. Unhappily for Lord Armstrong, his good nature and trust in his fellow men have induced him to risk and lose immense sums at the instance of persons quite unworthy of his confidence. It will hardly be believed, but it is none the less a fact, that Lord Armstrong was induced to put £51,000 into the *Throne* newspaper, every penny of which has gone, and he has made himself responsible for something like half a million in connection with an American company.

At the beginning of November last, Lord Armstrong gave a Power of Attorney to Mr. Pixley, of 58, Coleman Street, E.C., and Mr. Chance, a young American, who came over here to assist his brother (1, Old Broad Street, E.C.), who is on the Stock Exchange. It is not easy to see how Lord Armstrong's position can be bettered by transferring the management of his affairs to the hands of this young American. He had much better place himself unreservedly in the hands of the Executors of his uncle's estate.

ALLSOPP'S.

We are awaiting with interest some pronouncement from the Board as to their future intentions with regard to this unfortunate company. Meantime, we are accumulating a mass of information, which we think may best be utilised when the scheme is before the shareholders. We should like, however, to ask whether it is the fact that quite recently the directors refused to give an option for a fortnight for the purchase of the Ostend Kursaal at a price of about £100,000.

100 PER CENT.

In glancing over an outside broker's circular we came across the following:—

> We advise our clients not to hold on for the biggest rise, but to be satisfied with 100 per cent. profit.

That in its way is very sound advice. He who is not content with 100 per cent. profit on a Stock Exchange gamble deserves no sympathy if he sees his profit pass into a loss. Usually it is the ignoramus who wants to get the last farthing of the rise, but sometimes old market hands are just as unwilling to take 100 per cent. A striking instance is to be found in the evidence given in a case before Mr. Justice Jelf last week, concerned with one of the romances—and tragedies—of Stock Exchange speculation.

In 1902 the New Vaal River Diamond Company was registered with a capital of £150,000 in 149,988 Ordinary and 12 Founders shares. The Company was formed to take over and to work certain properties in Cape Colony said to be rich in diamonds. There were great expectations of what the Company would do, but for some years it did little. However, the shares stood at a big premium, but gradually dropped until in February, 1906, their market value had fallen to 15s. each. Then the promoter of the Company, who retained a large interest in it, an outside broker named Schwabecher, despairing of recovery in the quotation, and with bankruptcy before him, blew his brains out. Not long after, in the autumn of the same year, discovery of alluvial diamonds was reported, and the Ordinary shares were rushed up to between £12 and £13, while some of the Founders shares held by the unfortunate Mr. Schwabecher were sold by his trustees at between £5,000 and £6,000 each.

In the interval, to be precise, in November, 1904, Mr. Schwabecher sold to Mr. Hermann Schmidt, "formerly a partner in Lubbock, Schmidt and Co.," and known amongst newspaper readers as "Magpie" of the *Sunday Times*, 250 shares at £2 5s. each. According to Mr. Schmidt Mr. Schwabecher agreed to carry over these shares from account to account until Mr. Schmidt asked for delivery, or Mr. Schwabecher required it, and this was the position when Mr. Schwabecher committed suicide. At that time the shares were at 15s., and Mr. Schmidt had incurred a heavy loss upon them as between £2 5s. and 15s. After Mr. Schwabecher's death his trustees closed the account and called upon Mr. Schmidt to pay the differences, amounting to £399 13s. 3d., but he took no notice of the request. Ultimately the trustees sued for the balance due, and Mr. Schmidt counter claimed for non delivery. Asked by Mr. Justice Jelf why he had not claimed delivery when the shares got up to £12, he having, according to his own

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.—Striking Success. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. The CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LTD., Stock and Share Dealers, QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Telephone Nos.: 587 Westminster and 7763 Gerrard. Tele. Ad.: "Stockwork." London.—ADVT.

account, the right to them at £2 5s., Mr. Schmidt offered the explanation that he believed they would go to £50. Even so, it is not easy to see why he did not get the shares into his own control, and the Judge described the counter claim as "a cool request and a clever attempt to knock over the claim of the plaintiffs." With that we are not concerned here, but only with the statement of this City man that with the right to call for shares at £2 5s. that were selling in the market for £12, he did not think the profit big enough, but determined to wait until they got to £50. The Judge scouted the explanation, but it is conceivably true.

Of course, now and again this sort of thing pays, but our readers may take it from us that, for once in a way, the outside broker quoted above tendered good advice when he advised his clients to be content with a profit of 100 per cent.

BANKS AND ENQUIRIES.

With reference to our article of last week upon the action of Lloyds Bank in the matter of giving information as to the position of customers, and the practice of other Banks, a correspondent writes to us as below:—

> You seem to take a rather narrow view of a Banker's duty. It is surely the duty of a Banker to protect his customers from rogues. The Trade Protection Societies, such as Stubbs', do a vast amount of good to their subscribers by making enquiries as to the respectability of persons, and no honest trader will object to such enquiries. The rogue who is trying to obtain credit upon false pretences naturally objects to them, since they may well upset his schemes. Although you seem to blame Lloyds' manager for his admission that he gives information as to reliability of men of business you will understand that if a customer is an honest man, paying his way, nothing will be divulged; only the plain answer, "We consider good for trade credit," or "Cannot advise credit," need be given. Is it your suggestion that Banks should cover up roguery? I am sure not.

Our correspondent's letter does not convince us that the practice admitted in the witness box by Mr. Bell is defensible. If a customer of a Bank wants to know the financial standing of somebody else he can get sufficient information through his Banker to give him a pretty good idea of how matters stand with the third man, but this information is obtained by Bankers from Bankers and communicated direct by a Bank to its customer, a very different thing to giving such information to the representatives of Trade Enquiry Offices about whose character the Bank can know little or nothing.

Excellent accounts are to hand from Sutherland Main Reefs, and we still think, at their present price of 1s. 3d. for the fully-paid 2s. 6d. shares, they represent one of the most attractive speculations in the Kaffir market.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECOVERY OF PAYMENT.—J. G. (Birkenhead).—There is no doubt you have been "humbugged," but, as to obtaining "redress," that is quite another matter. You send us a lot of correspondence and circulars, but they ought not to deceive a child. For example, the City Editor of the *Mail* is quoted as writing during the recent American panic, "The investor should put a bold face on matters—he can act with more advantage in time of collapse and panic than at any other time." That is quite true, and for the man who has plenty of money, and who can not only buy but take up in times of crises, there is plenty of money to be made. But what similarity is there between his position and yours, between the buyer who takes up and the impecunious person who sends money to an outside broker in time of panic, or, for that matter, any other time, to put into what is called a "choice combination," consisting of some of the shares which are at the moment oscillating in value most violently, and upon a 1 per cent. cover?

NEW RAVENSWOOD, LIMITED.—H C. (Manchester.)—No.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—T. W. S. (Chelsea).—Your aunt might, of course, make a claim, but we do not think it at all likely that it would be recognised. We return the policy.

"A STUPENDOUS OFFER."—LEVITICUS (Bow).—Referring to our reply to "Puzzled" in our last issue, "Leviticus" says that if one looks further into it, it will be seen that the benefits of the drawings are limited to one year. "When this is taken into consideration, the offer is not so stupendous as it looks."

SUNDRY INVESTMENTS.—M. (Denmark Hill).—Some of the items on your list are not very promising, but we do not think there would be any advantage in disposing of any of them at present.

ATLAS BANKING CORPORATION.—C. H. L. (Plaistow).—We have no information concerning this institution, and we have never heard of the other shares you name.

PREMIUM BONDS.—LINCOLN (Wainfleet).—We cannot advise you to have anything to do with the people you name.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—P. P. B. (Shipley).—Yes, we think so.

PURCHASE OF HOUSE.—VERAX (Darlington).—We quite understand your difficulty in having to pay a deposit, which is generally one-fourth of the amount required to purchase a house, although occasionally it may be reduced to one-eighth, but, for obvious reasons, this deposit is a condition of advance. Several insurance offices are prepared to advance money upon mortgage of approved house property up to three-fourths of its value, but not beyond. The advances may be repaid by the borrower taking an endowment policy, payable at the end of a certain number of years, or previous death, the advantage of this system being that if the insurer dies prematurely the property becomes the absolute property of his wife or heirs, necessitating no further cost. The annual outlay by this means is generally somewhat less than the rent charged for the house, and really we do not see how anyone wishing to buy a house can expect to do so upon more favourable terms.

LIFE AND HEALTH ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—F. P. S. (Herne Hill).—Yes.

ASHANTI GOLD FIELDS CORPORATION, LIMITED.—W. H. (Hebburn Quay).—It is impossible for us to give you an opinion worth having as to whether you could recover the amount you claim from the company—which, by the way, you do not specify—or resist the company's claim against you for a balance of £1 11s. 7d. We gather from your letter that the company acted under clause 21 of your agreement, which gives them power to terminate it summarily, and without compensation, if you are guilty of neglect, among other things, and you admit in your letter that you were absent one shift without permission. There may be circumstances connected with this absence which would save you from dismissal, but you are offering no explanation, and in its absence we doubt very much whether, if you went to law, you would not be throwing good money after bad. We return the agreement, letter and accounts.

TRAFFORD PARK ESTATES.—F. W. (West Bridgton).—No dividends have as yet been paid on the ordinary shares, nor is there any probability of one in the early future, but they are not unpromising as a speculative purchase.

INVESTMENT OF £100.—J. D. (Carmarthen).—We do not gather from your letter, which is a little contradictory, whether you want to put your £100 into some good shares or to use it for the purpose of buying a dwelling-house, assisted by a Building Society. If you let us know which it is you want to do, we will give you the best advice in our power. Meantime be sure to throw into the fire the circulars from outside brokers inviting you to send them money, which you say you are in the habit of receiving.

STOCK EXCHANGE BROKER.—A. H. (Coatbridge).—We do not recommend brokers.

VARIOUS SHARES.—F. A. P. (Stockwell).—We have no information respecting No. 1, and we don't much care for the others.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—S. B. (Southend).—(1) About as rotten as it can be. See what we say about it on another page. (2) The bonds are genuine, but can be bought at about 20 per cent. less elsewhere. (3) It makes no difference, so far as the drawings are concerned, where you get the bonds, provided you have them. (4) Have nothing to do with the company recommended by these people. J. M. B. (Coatbridge).—No doubt "a guarantee of 10 per cent. is very tempting" if it be sound, but what if the guarantee be worthless, as it is in this case? R. A. S. (Southsea).—You would be very foolish to send these people your £10. S. B. (Lowestoft)).—We are obliged to you for the circular you send us, and glad to know that our warning saved you the loss of some money. We thank you for your kindly references to JOHN BULL.

STUBBS AND THE BANKS.—C. F. S. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—No doubt the agency management enjoins secrecy, but they can do little to ensure it. What are the questions to which you refer? We do not remember to have seen them.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.—A. E. H. (Stoke Newington).—We don't much like your list. Tell us what interest will satisfy you, and we will send you another.

CHARTERED RAILWAY BONDS.—H. B. J. (Buxton).—The fall is due to the fact that the railway is not getting the business anticipated. It will be wise not to rely much on the Government taking over the interests of the Chartered Company. There may be recovery in the price of the bonds by and bye, but we see little likelihood of it at present.

MOUNT LYELL.—COPPER (Gateshead).—We should be inclined to hold them for the present.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.—W. R. D. (Sunderland).—Have nothing to do with this firm.

THE IDEAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—M. C. (Tottenham).—Yes.

PRICE OF CONSOLS.—RHYS (Thundersley).—We do not think there is likely to be much improvement in price during the next three months.

FOURTH PETERBOROUGH BUILDING SOCIETY.—G. C. (Wisbech).—We have no information respecting this society. We are obliged to you for the advertisement.

"PAYING INDUSTRIAL."—A. K. (Felstead).—The ordinary shares of the North-Eastern Breweries, at their present price and on the basis of the last dividend, will give you over 7 per cent., and the company is highly prosperous.

BRITISH HOMES CERTIFICATE.—BOAZ (Plaistow).—We regret that we cannot be of assistance to you in disposing of your £300 certificate, £100 paid up.

MURCHISON'S ASSOCIATED.—CELT (Bradwell).—We have nothing to add to your information. As to the United African Exploration, the shares are very speculative, but the company has been doing better again.

LAW GUARANTEE TRUST AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—W. J. R. (Southend).—We should prefer any one of the three succeeding societies you name. Have nothing to do with Premium Bonds.

FOURTH CITY MUTUAL BENEFIT BUILDING SOCIETY.—A. B. (Hackney).—It is an excellent society, well-managed and sound.

URNEY ART UNION DRAWING.—A. S. (Bankside).—We are obliged to you for the papers you send for our inspection. These sort of things do not commend themselves to us.

THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF SHOP ASSISTANTS.—W. J. A. (Blackpool).—We have no information as to the financial standing of this society.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—F. T. B. (Coventry).—We know of no sufficient reason why you should not act as one of their agents. F. W. B. (Glasgow).—Ditto. W. T. J. (Ilkeston).—The business is being vigorously worked, and we believe the management to be respectable.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—A. H. M. (Gloucester).—No. E. K. (Bradford).—We cannot tell. We have enough to do to look after our own libel actions. J. S. (Birkenhead).—See previous replies. There is nothing to prevent your having money in a dozen banks if you are able and care to put it there.

OUTSIDE BROKER.—J. B. (Devonport).—We cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising dealings. CELTIC (Glasgow).—They are not persons with whom you should deal. H. H. (Queen's Club Gardens).—Yes, the same old gang.

TALLERMAN'S COMPANY.—CATTERHAM VALLEY.—Better have nothing to do with them.

AN HOTEL COMPANY.—H. D. (New Cross).—We cannot make head nor tail of your letter.

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE.—F. C. B. (East Sheen).—We are much obliged to you.

PRICE OF CONSOLS.—D. F. (Dalbeattie).—(1.) No, we do not think it likely that "Consols will again touch £100" within any measurable distance of time. (2.) We will make further inquiries about "the invisible bonus." (3.) Let us know your particular wants in the matter of insurance, and we will advise you.

MINING SHARES.—W. L. (Belfast).—We cannot advise you to speculate in the shares you mention. As to the others, do nothing for the moment. There is no necessity for immediate decision.

PEARL INSURANCE.—A. W. (Sheffield).—The company does a large Life and Industrial business, and there is no reason that we know of why you should not act as one of its agents. We know nothing about the Debt Recovery people you mention. FAIR PLAY (Beresford Road).—Yes, it is financially strong. Its total assets at the end of 1906 amounted to £33,061,433, and were increased during the year by £448,034.

A CASE FOR THE POLICE?

During the past twelve months hardly an issue of John Bull has appeared in which our readers were not warned against dealings with certain individuals who call themselves the International Securities Syndicate, Ltd., and whose professed object is to deal in what are known as Premium Bonds. Without discussing the merits of these bonds, we have advised our readers not to buy them from the International Securities Syndicate, Ltd., first, because the Syndicate charges from 20 to 30 per cent. above the market value of the bonds, and next, because purchasers may never have delivery of the bonds. We have reason to know that we have saved many of our readers from losing money by dealings with these men. Unfortunately, there are still a good many people in the United Kingdom, of the less wise sort, who do not read this journal, and as the Syndicate has the command of the advertising columns of most of the daily newspapers, it is raking in money hand over fist.

What is its history? It was founded about eighteen months ago by a man named Russell, who is now acting as its agent in Brussels. Russell has lived for many years on the Continent, in Brussels and Paris, carrying on much the same sort of business as that conducted by the International Securities Syndicate. Having founded that concern and worked it for some time, in June last he turned it over to one George Petty, who had been brought over by him from the Continent, and had been engaged there much in the same business as Russell himself. On December 23rd last, Petty, in turn, transferred the business to an individual named Bebro—Harry Bebro—calling himself A. Benson and managing director of the concern known as Felthams' Bank. In our last issue we directed attention to the prospectus of the International Securities Corporation, Ltd., which has been promoted by Bebro to take over the business of the International Securities Syndicate, and which is now trying—and, if we may judge from the number of letters we are receiving from persons contemplating applying for shares, not unsuccessfully—to induce the public to subscribe the nominal capital of £150,000. We have repeatedly contrasted the price asked for the bonds by the International Securities Syndicate, Ltd., and the price at which they can be got in the market, and we will now content ourselves with publishing the following affidavit, which explains itself. It is made by a man who was recently in the employment of the Syndicate, and who left it, he says, because he could no longer shut his eyes to the fact that, whereas the procedure of the Syndicate in its relations to its customers was from the outset suspicious, since December no attempt has been made to purchase bonds or deliver to those who have paid for them. The maker of this affidavit does not shrink from attaching his name and address. His statement is made upon oath, and he is prepared to repeat it before judge and jury. It speaks for itself:—

I, Harry Herbert Harris, of 28, Lorrimore Road, Kennington, London, S.E., Bookkeeper, make oath and say as follows:—

1. That from June 11th, 1907, to January 14th, 1908, I was employed by the International Securities Syndicate, of 23, Westminster Palace Gardens, S.W., as ledger clerk.

2. That the business of the Syndicate is to sell Premium Bonds for cash or upon the instalment system. In the case of the Bonds which are paid for in full, the undertaking is to deliver the same within fourteen days, and where the Bonds are paid for by instalments, to deliver on payment of the last instalment. Meantime, the Syndicate undertake to forward immediately the numbers of the Bonds, and monthly lists of the Bonds drawn, setting forth those which have won Cash Premiums and those redeemed, and to publish these lists in their journal, *Progressive Finance*.

3. That instead of obtaining and delivering Bonds paid for in full, and holding the Bonds upon which instalments are still due, as they undertake to do, the Syndicate does not possess themselves of the Bonds—at first they delivered, although much after the due date—but since December 8th, 1907, no Bonds have been forwarded to customers.

4. That on December 23rd, 1907, the business was transferred to a Joint Stock Company to be known as "The International Securities Corporation, Ltd.," and large sums have been received, both in full payment of Bonds, and as Instalments, but no Bonds have been delivered, and there are no Bonds in their safe.

5. That in illustration of the monies received—on Monday, January 20th, 1908, roughly 700 receipts were despatched representing payments of between £1,500 and £2,000—that on Tuesday, January 21st, 1908, a larger number of receipts were sent out representing a slightly lower cash total, and on Wednesday, January 22nd, 1908, a single customer bought a £750 combination, paying money over the counter, and being content with a receipt and a promise that the Bonds should be sent to him.

6. That whenever a drawing of Bonds takes place, an agent of the Syndicate in Paris or Brussels sends over a list of the Bonds drawn, and these are checked with the Bond Book, and in case of any number given to a customer having secured a Cash Premium, or the Bond being redeemed, such number is taken out of the list published in *Progressive Finance*, and no notification is made to the person interested of the drawing.

7. That although occasionally persons of means deal with the Syndicate, the great majority of their customers are sailors, soldiers, labourers, small shopkeepers, dressmakers, nurses, &c., these people stating very often on their application forms that they are withdrawing their savings from the banks, being anxious to benefit their children or to help themselves in business by means of the prizes they hope to draw.

Sworn at Broad Court Chambers, Bow Street, in the County of London, this 24th day of January, 1908, before me, Charles Cuddy, a Commissioner of Oaths.

Is it a case for the police? It is a question we put to Scotland Yard.

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THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE SCANDAL.

Petitions to Parliament are now ready for signature, together with reprints of our articles exposing the shameful character of Mr. Stewart's appointment to the post of Public Trustee. Copies are being sent to all applicants, and we shall be glad to hear from other readers who are prepared to co-operate with us in our endeavour to purify the public service of one of the greatest scandals of modern times.

What is your Number?

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 101.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DANLB.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE POLITICAL PETTICOAT.

I have the honour to notice the decision of the Labour Conference that ladies should not have a vote until adult suffrage is the law of the land. If anything in this world could surprise me, this resolution of the labour delegates of my great country would do so. One would have thought that if there were any enthusiasm in the land for the immediate enfranchisement of the political petticoat, 't would have been vociferous there. But alas and alack! Sorrow is the only friend that grief can call its own. The ladies who have married some of us, the ladies who yearn to marry many of us, and the ladies who would cast themselves into the deep sea rather than marry any of us, will have to wait for the vote till the clouds roll by.

I agree that there is no hurry. I deprecate the unseemly haste of Mrs. Pankhurst and her talented daughters to acquire the right of voting at Parliamentary elections on the mere supposition that one petticoat is equal to a pair of trousers. Just as I think they exaggerate the importance of trousers in Parliament, so I think they exaggerate the importance of petticoats outside it. For several months 700 pairs, all counted, have been unseen at St. Stephen's, and I am prepared to swear an affidavit that nobody I know has missed them.

Why, then, should the suffragettes lash up so much fuss and fury about the vote? Why should they kick the policeman on the beat, wave banners, invade private houses, get run in, and partake of what Mrs. Pethick Lawrence calls "indescribable cocoa" in Holloway for an overrated bit of paper stuck in a slot at a polling booth? If they get it, and when they get it, the most they will be able to do with it is to change brown trousers for grey, or indigo-blue for green. The predatory expeditions of political parties would proceed in the same old way whatever the colour, without a single petticoat in the land being any the prettier or any the better; by chance, indeed, it might have to abolish the rustle and take out some of the accordeon pleats owing to an increase in the cost of being alive.

But I am not deceived. It is not the right to vote for Parliamentary trousers that Mrs. Pankhurst and Co. want to go to gaol for. That is all my eye and Betty Martin. What they want is the right to become Parliamentary petticoats. I therefore crave humble leave to think that from the first the policy of their agitation has been painfully lacking in the more subtle tactics. They should have assembled in their thousands and demanded seats in Parliament right away. This would have saved years of time. As it is, at some far off day they will be permitted to go to the polling booth to vote for men, and not until another twenty or thirty years after that, when all of them have passed to their bourne disconsolate and dismayed, will the feathers of their successors be waving from the Parliamentary benches and their voices be heard in the heat of debate.

This being so, I am unable to agree with the Spartan gentleman who suggests in one of the papers that instead of sending Mrs. Pankhurst and Co. to Holloway, they should be spanked by the police. Regarding ladies with a real and deep affection, it appears to me that this would constitute a grave breach of decorum. No matter with what care, with what delicacy, and under what conditions the punitive operation was performed, it would inevitably leave its impression on refined natures, and I do not believe there is one policeman with soul so dead as never to himself have said, "If e'er we pass this sad decree, I hope the spanker won't be me." Now, spanking is all very well in the nursery. I have suffered it in my childhood and prescribed it in my manhood, but I decline to believe that it is a suitable alternative in the case of even the most hardened suffragette to the ordinary processes of the common law.

It may be that the law is lenient, I do not argue that. But these street brawls, assaults on Cabinet Ministers, invasions of private domiciles, organised screeches at other people's meetings, self-chainings to gates, and so forth, are, after all, as much political offences as the lamentable indiscretions of ladies who make wild hullabaloo in public thoroughfares from excess of alcoholic exultation, and are equally entitled to all the amenities of an enlightened Christian polity. Let justice be done, even though the suffragettes desert their happy homes for Holloway.

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Those Wicked Agents Again!

My recent remarks on the swindling musical and other agents who steal money from fools by the false pretence that they can "influence the Press" and "secure highly remunerative engagements" for incapable "artists," have attracted some attention in other journals, and have brought me several letters. The writer of one of the latter takes me mildly to task for my reflections on the "victims," whose vanity and valour alike I impeached. He says that not all those who are fleeced by swindling agents are vain amateurs—which I admitted directly and indirectly when I confessed my own difficulty in recommending an agent to qualified talent coming to London from the country or abroad.

Mug and Rascal.

The fact remains, however, that it is the conceited "mug" on whom the experienced rascal in this line of business relies for the bulk of his profits; and that the pluck of such mugs, as a rule, is in strict proportion to their intelligence. I said that such people were happy if, after their own folly had led them into the traps laid by the Hebrew shark, whom this correspondent mentions by name, and others of the same kidney, a journalist could be lured on to expose the game; but that if the matter assumed a Law Court aspect the promoters of the exposure had a knack of modifying their testimony or getting a job in Australia, or otherwise putting the too-dashing Pressman in a very awkward street. When I said this, I knew exactly what I was saying; for, in my callow youth, I was wont to rush into quixotic excursions of the kind indicated.

"Are We"——Afraid?

"True," says my correspondent, "I do not want to be sued for libel; but the Press is surely, having satisfied itself as to a swindler, not afraid to expose him? Personally, although I know the accuracy of my information, I have not suffered (beyond waste of time, correspondence, &c.) any loss, other than the natural disgust and undoubted damage caused to all parties in the profession by the rotten condition brought about by these low-down concerns. If I had—well, my disposition would certainly bring me to fight them in the Court." So would mine! But I have lost even less in this particular matter than our friend; and I have had no evidence sent to me yet that would warrant me even in making direct inquiries of the parties accused, much less in running the editor of this journal into legal trouble with any or all of them.

Wanted—Evidence, not Hearsay.

John Bull, I am sure, is open to take up any abuse and to ventilate it; but if I am to suggest that particular agents are thieves (as I believe they are), and to name them by their names, the writers who ask me to do so must first send me duly sworn affidavits setting forth exactly what happened to them personally, not what they were told at the Club had happened to somebody else, who, when the pinch came, might have vanished. I must not merely be convinced in my own mind; I must have evidence that can be placed before a British jury, with the virtual certainty that it will agree with me in my statement of the facts and my deductions therefrom. Until my correspondents will provide me with these documentary proofs, this discussion is closed—*sine die*.

The G.S.M. and the R.A.M.

Meanwhile, I will just add this: That I do agree with one of my correspondents that it is the duty of the Secretaries and Principals of the Guildhall School of Music and the Royal Academy of Music to satisfy themselves of the *bona-fides*, or otherwise, of concert agents who, under cover of a mere box number, advertise in the daily papers "especially for pupils from those institutions." I hope that some reader will direct the attention of the authorities of the G.S.M. and the R.A.M. to this suggestion, and let me know the result.

The Younger Generation.

Whilst some of the older London theatre managers continue to lament the absence of good new plays by new English dramatists from their letter-boxes, and to commission third-rate Yankee hacks or fourth-rate translators from the French to fill their bills, Miss Lena Ashwell goes merrily on her way discovering fresh talent quite as rapidly as she wants it. First, there was Mr. A. P. Wharton; now there is Miss Gicely Hamilton! I saw a play by this lady some time ago semi-privately performed, and mentioned it favourably elsewhere; and I was not surprised to hear that the London agent for an American firm had secured the Transatlantic rights. Subsequently Miss Hamilton sent a piece called "The Adventuress" to the Kingsway Theatre "in the ordinary way." Miss Ashwell has a sure means of seeing that all plays received there are read—by reading them herself. So "The Adventuress" was spotted for possible production.

Sending 'em Round.

I do not know whether Miss Hamilton had tried her luck with the same play at other houses; but, if she had, I should be interested to hear her experiences. Anyway, Miss Ashwell thinks "The Adventuress" good enough to re-christen and put her money on. The central idea of the story sounds promising: it deals with the adventures of a London drapery shop girl. Someone writing in what used to be "the largest circulation" says that the West-End drapers' shop will be new to the stage. But surely I have seen two plays at least with a similar background—at the Adelphi (by Mrs. Lyttleton) and at the Haymarket (with Miss Grace Lane as heroine). The point is not important: what is important is that within three months of its production, if "The Adventuress" is a success, Miss Hamilton will be able to sell any twaddle she cares to write to managers who—or whose "readers"—dare not trust their own judgment of the work of an unknown writer.

Sardou Reminiscent.

'Twas ever thus! Sardou, interviewed last week, said he hawked his first three plays around Paris in vain. "Managers, with one exception, were too busy to see me or to read my plays," he says. The one exception said they were "Rubbish"! Sardou did not alter a line in either play, however; he sold them all a few years later—after he had made a hit—to managers who had previously refused to look at them.

The Old Gang.

No doubt there is something in the managers' contention that it is safer to go to the old hands, who are assumed to have a "following": that way may lie a degree of assurance against absolute disaster—for both public and Press are kinder to the big man who writes a rotten play, after writing two or three good ones, than to the novice who writes a poor piece for a start. Still, unless we are to have an all-round collapse in London theatrical business, the managers must get hold of new writers—young men with ideas and freshness and go. The veterans are wearing badly, even the best of them. I wish Miss Ashwell luck of her latest discovery, and Miss Hamilton luck of her first West-End show.

The Kid on the Stage.

My congratulations to Madame Albanesi, alike on what she did and did not do when she wrote her play "Susannah and Some Others." In the novel on which the piece is based, there was a kiddie: in the play there is no kiddie. The piece has its defects, but the total absence of kid is not one of them. Madame Albanesi is a sensible woman. "It would be hopeless," she says, "to bring a little girl of four or five on the stage and make her seem at all real." Quite so; and I would that all dramatists took the same enlightened view. The stage child is a horror and a cruelty in nine cases out of ten; and in the tenth it is totally superfluous and not to be excused.

A Warning to W. T. S.

Mr. Stead must have got out his shooting-irons and polished them up when he read the plot of "The Man with Three Wives" in the newspaper cables from Vienna, and learnt that it was to be brought to London by Mr. George Edwardes. For, as it stands, "The Man with Three Wives" is a very wicked play. The Man is a personal conductor of tourist parties; the Three Wives are resident in Vienna, Paris, and London respectively, one of them being properly certificated, the others unlabelled, as it were. All the ladies are annoyed on discovering The Man's perfidy. But their mutual hatred melts into common co-operation; and they join forces to make it very unpleasant for The Man. I am told that the music of the Wiener's latest success is delightful, and that the play itself is cleverly constructed and capable of easy adaptation. Still, I tremble for that peculiarly good man, William; and I think he should at once commence a course of cooling treatment, lest worse befall.

P.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That the Government thinks them "good-bye elections" now.
That a "History of our Own *Times*" is shortly to be issued from Printing House Square.
That the *Lancet* is *not* blunt.
That now the Suffragettes have provided chains, the police will be happy to find muzzles.
That copies of Dr. Smiles' "Self-Help" are being distributed among the Labour Party.
That Socialism is a distinguishing feature of the House of Commons.
That Mr. Birrell has studied pig-driving.
That the lot of the German journalist is not a Harden.
That there *is* such a thing as "simple" Bible teaching.

"If you want money without working for it, the public will have none of you," says *London Opinion*. But you may get it by "having" the public.

The Corfe Parish Council have found that a farthing rate will meet all requirements. An easily cured Corfe.

At Marlborough Street Police Court the New Testament upon which witnesses are sworn has a washable binding. Why not wash the witnesses too?

A Baroness has committed suicide because age was robbing her of her beauty. Her complaint was a barrenness of "attractions."

36,000,000 barrels of apples were harvested in the United States during 1907. The fruit has been growing in popularity ever since Eve set the fashion.

No wonder John Burns; he's always getting into hot water.

The woman who committed suicide recently with a family Bible tied round her neck seems to have been pretty sure of her destination.

Speaking of the Rev. R. J. Campbell's religion, the *Daily Mail* asks: "Is it Christianity?" Wouldn't it be better to get a definition of Christianity first?

"Nature makes us all gamblers," says *Truth*. What's the odds.

The *Star* opines that "airships will be useful to journalists." To enable some of them to "get off the earth," we presume?

"What is one to do with one's face?" asks the *Tatler*. The prevailing solution is to "grin and bare it."

A man recently committed suicide by butting an electric tram. A novel way of "playing the goat."

General Smuts says the Government will keep the Transvaal "a white man's country." When is he going?

"Colour photography is never going to appeal very strongly to the man who has a red nose," says the *Washington Post*. Why not? It enables him to answer a query as to whether he drinks in the "negative."

The Countess of Stradbroke has written two plays, "Twins" and "The Hat Shop." She should have combined the two and called it "Marriage."

"Some want a fortune to make them gentlemen," says La Bruyère. Others want gentlemen to make them a fortune.

In a one-act piece, Mr. Henri de Vries impersonates no fewer than six characters. Clearly a "man of parts."

"Length must be measured by sensations," says Hubert Bland. Just so; you must feel your way.

While awaiting removal at Mafeking Station a box of butter exploded. The long delay caused it to "go off."

"The Arsenal Discharges," reads a news heading. It seems to have done very little else lately.

£1,000 worth of jewels have been found in a Dublin cab. The lady who lost them thinks the Jehu a gem of a man.

It is stated that a penny-in-the-shilling per week is the price charged for borrowing from women moneylenders in Bermondsey. Highly interesting!

A boy's "character," read in a London police court, stated "he can speak the truth by accident." Happily, accidents *will* happen.

You can't go on

in the old slovenly way!

Many a smart man whom to-day is getting splendid results from

EVERITT'S

PATENT TROUSERS PRESS AND STRETCHER

began by saying "No, thanks; I can't be bothered with it!" But after a trial these have found the Press such an easy means of maintaining an immaculate appearance that they positively would not be without it.

A PLEASED USER WRITES:—

"... I can assure you I am very pleased indeed with the same. It is a well made and good article, and I shall have pleasure in recommending it to any of my friends."

Everitt's Patent Trousers Press will do the same for you. Our illustrated booklet tells all you need to know. Write

Everitt Press Manufacturing Company, (Dept. "K"), 17, Laurence Pountney Lane, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Every quality that makes for perfection in Shaving Soap is found in "Shavallo"—

a thick, close, creamy lather, quick to soften, slow to dry; a mildness that never irritates and a perfume that delights.

For comfort and speed in Shaving, no other Shaving Soap—British or Foreign—measures up to "Shavallo" in its special Ivorine Case—and "Shavallo" is British made.

Shavallo
THE IDEAL SHAVING SOAP

in Ivorine case, allowing direct application of soap to face, 1/- each. Ordinary cake in carton, 4½d. each, of most Hairdressers and Chemists.

Made by JOHN KNIGHT, LTD.,
SOAP MAKERS TO THE KING,
THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP WORKS, LONDON.

Mr. Walter Long, M.P., is said to be suffering from a painful malady. Is it swelled head?

The Royal Meteorological Society wants "weather" to be taught in our public schools. After some recent specimens, we should have thought it unnecessary.

Mr. and Mrs. James, of Portland, Maine, recently celebrated their diamond wedding; 134 of their descendants were present. We believe it was James who laid it down that faith without works is naught.

The Westminster Guardians are going to provide twenty-four armchairs for workhouse inmates. The ratepayers will have to stand.

About 4,000 people die every year in the United Kingdom, leaving £200,000,000. Statistics of how many take anything with them, and how much, are not yet to hand.

About 30,000 applications for patents were made in 1906, but only some 14,700 were sealed. If wax is short, why not try (see advt.)?

Mr. Clement Shorter confesses that were he an author, his idea of immortality would be to be translated into French. If the theologians are right, "translation" is the inevitable prelude to immortality.

A man applied to Mr. Plowden for a summons against his wife for "leading a double life." But surely married persons should not lead single lives?

Recent Society "suits" have consisted of nothing else but "breaches."

In 1906 British judges drew £154,968 in salaries. In 1907 Limerick judges probably drew more, but their sentences were more severe.

Watches, we are told, occasionally get tired, and need a rest. About this time of the year they usually get it.

We read that tobacco is an aid to long life. But then comes the weed and the clay.

A man who tried the new automatic boot-cleaner at Victoria Station found himself a fixture for a couple of hours. The rumour that the man has been asked to reimburse the owners of the machine for loss of other customers lacks confirmation.

Miss Marie Botha, sister of General Botha, is to be married in London on February 22. After marriage she will be no more Botha to anyone.

Major Buxton, of Dunstan Hall, Norfolk, recently shot three lions before breakfast in Africa. Seems of a fire-y disposition, that major.

It is said that Mr. Lloyd-George will mediate in the cotton crisis. We hope he won't we worsted.

Called to prove the insanity of Thaw, a witness said that during dinner Thaw would sometimes pace the floor, and mutter. But perhaps he was only making remarks about the cooking.

In Bavaria a man may be made a noble for £75. In this country the price is higher.

Dr. Forbes Winslow holds that all eccentricity is insanity. That sounds a bit eccentric!

A San Francisco centenarian has been fined for trying to enter a moving train. He was old enough to know better.

Some things we may expect to see in the *Times* under its new editorial management:—

Powerful feuilleton by Hall Caine, entitled "The Druceman; or The *Lead*en Casket and the *Wood*en Case." First ten chapters will consist of an interview with the author, by the author.

A forgotten letter from Algernon (delayed in transmission).

A new Limerick Competition—restricted to judges only.

Contradictions of yesterday's Exclusive Wires. (*Copyright.*)

"Beecham's Pills" advt. (You know what I mean)

"Reliable records from the Gramophone Press."

The Missing Word: What the noble Lord really said.

"Looking Backward": *Tit-Bits* from the *Times*.

To-morrow's Story; or, Thundering Fibs for Blundering Fibbers.

Cut-out Paper Patterns by Our Own Immodiste.

"The House of Lords," by a Not-yet Member.

Grand Prize Distribution of "Encyclopædia Britannicas."

"When the *Times* costs a Ha'penny." A Forecast.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Old Age Pensions for Old Dames.

Old age pensions still seem sadly remote, but politicians are seriously discussing the scheme, and as "Hope springs eternal in the human breast" not a few elderly folk of particularly sanguine dispositions have already considered how they will lay out their weekly pension—when they get it! It must come as a bit of a shock to working women to discover from the discussion at the recent Labour Conference at Hull, that there can be any question about the advisability of including women in the scheme. Considering the general tendency that exists to pay women at a lower rate than men in every direction, it was to be feared that their pensions might be smaller than those granted to their brothers. but that we may perchance be left out altogether—well, that is what schoolboys describe as "a facer."

The Women's Labour League, which also held its Conference at Hull, passed a resolution on this matter, couched in rather original terms. It declared: "Seeing that suicide is illegal, and starvation, which is allowed by the State, is not desired by the individual, this Conference considers it the duty of the State to set aside a sum annually for the payment of old age pensions, irrespective of sex." Of course, women's solemnly carried resolutions on political matters have very little weight at present. Unless we have been promoted and made voters before the time for discussing details comes along we shall have to depend solely on the sense of right and justice of our noble legislators. Oh dear!! Not that we could lack champions. I feel sure that many members of Parliament, including Mr. Bottomley, for one, would claim fair treatment in this matter for the poor old ladies. At the Labour Conference, Mr. Ben Turner, of Batley, spoke as firmly on the point as any woman could desire. "Women are home birds," he said. "Men can travel about and get a day's work or a day's assistance. Women cannot do so. I should be glad to see women allowed pensions five years earlier than men." Now that's the way to talk, isn't it? Not a cold-blooded question as to whether we shall be included at all or not? It was bad enough when, in the Middle Ages, the Council of Trent solemnly debated whether or no women had immortal souls. It would be even more serious and absurd to find it debated in this advanced century whether or not women have bodies and physical requirements that call for money in their old age.

The Prospects of the Actress.

Unfortunately so many occupations for women depend on youth and the beauty that accompanies the heyday of life. It is this that renders the stage one of the most terrible professions upon which a girl can embark. I do not call it terrible from a moral point of view, but simply with regard to the prospects that remain once the bloom of early womanhood begins to vanish. Nothing is easier than for a young girl of average good looks to get some sort of start upon the boards, especially if she can sing a little. But how often do we hear of actresses, who in their days have known triumphant success, finding themselves in middle-life as unable to obtain good engagements as is the veriest novice. A month or so ago we heard the sad story of Miss May Yohe, now reduced almost to destitution, and last week a well-known dramatist, sued for one of his wife's bills, declared in his evidence that while the lady in question had once earned regularly as much as £35 weekly, she had only been able to secure one solitary engagement since the death of Sir Henry Irving, with whom she had a long contract. What a profession to follow! Let pretty girls with hankerings after a stage career mark the old song, "Be wise in time, sweet Phyllis mine."

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S WORK IN PARLIAMENT.—*We are reprinting in pamphlet form a summary of our Editor's work in the House of Commons, which recently appeared in the "Hackney and Kingsland Gazette," and shall be happy to send a copy to any reader of* JOHN BULL *on application.*

We regret that our supply of Christmas and New Year Cards is now exhausted, and that we have been compelled to disappoint a considerable number of applicants. We, however, have some other cards of a very special character in preparation, as to which an announcement will be made at an early date. Priority will then be given to applications already in hand.

J. C. (Spitalfields).—We can scarcely give the *Daily Chronicle* a biscuit for alluding to Lord McLaren as the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, though, of course, they should have known better. We note that the address of the London Premium and Tea Company is 1, New Street, Old Street, near St. Luke's Church. Many thanks for the valuable information.

G. H. (Rotherhithe) sends us particulars of Tanner and Co. (employment agents, 28, Mark Lane). He says they publish advertisements of "situations wanted," collect 5s. fees from persons out of employment, and send them round to people who have answered the advertisement. G. H. paid them 5s. years ago, and they sent him to different parts of London after jobs which were altogether out of his line, with the result that he was often laughed at when he reached his destination. It certainly seems rather cruel to send a cripple after employment for which he is physically incapable. However, in the end he did get a job through them, so he is inclined to feel charitably towards them. All the same, their business is one which needs to be carefully watched.

MRS. G. (Southampton) is one of many who have been taken in by the hearthrug parcel advertisement. Indeed, she has not even received the parcel, and cannot obtain any reply to her letter, which was appropriately severe.

W. S. (Amersham).—You should write to the Solicitors' Department of the London County Council (Employment Agencies), 59, Strand, W.C.

"AURANIA" (Quebec).—We are glad that JOHN BULL has been a solace to you in your wanderings. We note your advice to emigrants to push on West and give the Province of Quebec a wide berth, except, perhaps, in the case of Irish and Scotsmen.

C. B. K. (Harpenden) sends us a "Royal Spanish Alfonso Amen" which he has been composing in honour of the Spanish baby. As far as we can make out, each of the notes represents one of the initials of the baby's many names. Why not do us a "JOHN BULL Amen" on the same lines? But we suppose some of the letters would indicate notes rather too high for our beautiful baritone voice.

J. C. P. (London, N.).—No doubt your employers will not mind giving you a second reference if you explain the circumstances and mention our name. But another time you would do well to send only a copy in the first instance.

H. T. M. (Hastings).—It is certainly strange that your gas-meter should register nearly three times as much in June as in any other month of the year. Of course, gas companies think themselves in the right, and we certainly agree with them in thinking it very unlikely that the meter would right itself when once it had gone wrong. Have you tried coughing down the pipe?

THE Honorary Secretary of the Shuttleworth Club (Fye Foot Lane, Queen Victoria Street) invites our correspondent "Juvenis" to give him a call.

K. S. D. (Dundee) asks our opinion of "a newspaper that gives long service medals to other people's servants, and the sack to their own for the same reason." This, he says, is the case with the *Dundee People's Journal*. But it is not everybody who is always able to practise what he preaches.

A. C. (Birmingham).—We have no objection to a company encouraging men to join the new territorial army by announcing that "other conditions being equal, the company will give preference of employment to those in the battery when times are slack." If a man were physically unable to work, he would be no worse off in either case. Disestablishment does not necessarily involve disendowment.

C. G. W. (Stoke Newington) sends us a poem and threatens that if we do not publish it, he will write for *Pearson's*. We really think it is carrying philanthropy too far, even in a poem, to ask people to refrain from writing letters lest the postman may have to carry them upstairs. However, it would be a good thing if some people would write fewer letters—and poems.

T. E. K. (Gloucester).—We do not advise investment in foreign lotteries. The "JOHN BULL League" will take some time to prepare. We have, however, not forgotten the idea. Jim Crow was delighted by your kind regards.

R. H. W. (Stratford).—See answer to G. H. (Rotherhithe).

LIPTON'S

Tea Merchants.

GOLD MEDAL, JAMESTOWN, 1907. GOLD MEDAL, BERLIN, 1907.

By Special Appointment.

GROWERS OF
THE FINEST TEA
THE WORLD
CAN PRODUCE.
NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.
NO QUALITY EQUAL
TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTON'S,
CHIEF OFFICES:
City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

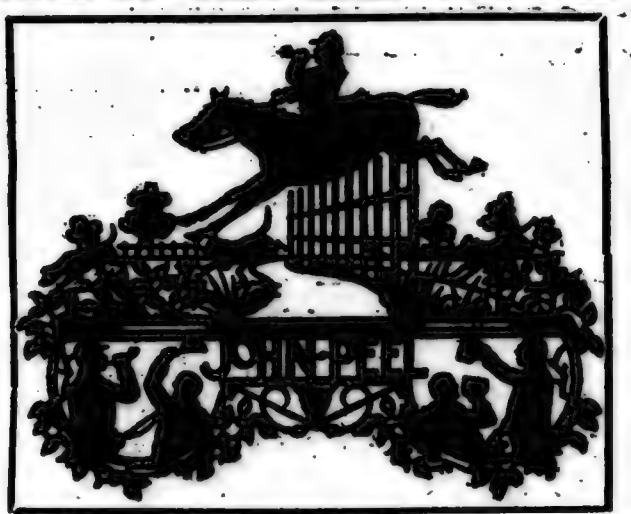
LIPTON'S TEA

THE
LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

HAIR GROWS
with unusual strength and of beautiful soft silky texture, free from Dandruff and Scurf, when using
JAVOL
THE ELITE of HAIR TONICS.
In Flasks, 5/6, 3/- and 2/-
JAVOL SHAMPOO, 2d. and 1/- Box of 5
Entitles bearer to a 2/- flask of JAVOL for trial at 1/- on presentation to any Chemist—failing him, send P.O. 1/- direct.
JAVOL Co., 25, Budge Row, London, E.C.

BANKING BY POST
CURRENT ACCOUNTS.
We cordially invite you to send for a Copy of our FREE BOOKLET explaining how you can Bank with the People's Bank BY POST, just as expeditiously as if you lived next door to it.
Accounts opened with £1 upwards and kept FREE OF CHARGE.
Overdrafts for Business Purposes Granted.
FARROW'S BANK LTD., (The People's Bank).
Head Office: 1, Cheapside, London, E.C. (Opposite the G.P.O.)
Branches and Agencies in every County of the United Kingdom.

This "John Peel" Fretwork Design
FREE TO "JOHN BULL" READERS.



As a specimen of our New Fretwork Designs we will send FREE to the readers of JOHN BULL the full-sized diagrams for making this "John Peel" Fretwork Bracket, which measures 16 inches across.
HOME HANDICRAFTS, Dept. 6,
62, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PROMPT CASH ADVANCES
£100 TO £10,000
LENT PRIVATELY
on approved note of hand, without security.
FIELDINGS
18, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.
For any period in Town or Country. Repayments as mutually agreed upon. No fees or bills of sale, and strictest privacy.
Advances on 2nd mortgages. Bills discounted.

COMPETENT MEN
are always in demand, and we have always a large number of positions open for men possessed of Special Ability—Technical or otherwise. If you are possessed of such ability, and have a character which is proven or provable, write us to-day.
HAPGOODS, Ltd., 27, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

"BULLITE" (Aberford).—Certainly, if a cow can jump over a cliff nearly 50 feet high, you may well believe the old story of a cow jumping over the moon.

J. L. H. (Truro).—We share your views, but are rather short of biscuits just now.

H. F. B. (Fulham) sends us an account of a man who was sent to prison for defacing railway carriages "without paying his fare." The conclusion that the purchase of a ticket entitles a passenger to commit acts of destruction can only be accepted at our correspondent's peril.

M. I. (Kilburn).—We will try to find a small one.

A. H. S. (Holborn).—See answer to M. I. (Kilburn).

H. J. G. (Herne Hill) suggests a biscuit for the *Daily Mail* for a funny printers' error, by which the agents of the National Provident Institution are stated to be "sold only in labelled tins at 7½d. and 1s. 1½d. each."

H. F. (Barrow).—Rather hard on the boys, but the Chief Constable is legally right.

F. G. W. (Hackney) sends us a cutting from a Canadian paper, from which we gather that Mr. James Nicholas Vann, of Orange County, now in his hundredth year, has just buried his fourteenth wife, all of them having been white women. It is time he slept with his fathers.

I. B. (Chislehurst).—We do not see that you would be risking anything, and the names of the adjudicators ought to be a guarantee of fairness.

"HARDUP" (Dublin).—We fear we know of no "genuine firm which supplies home employment." At any rate—we cannot take the responsibility of recommending one.

"A READER FROM THE START" wants us to publish a serial, but we are doubtful whether it would be popular.

"FAIR PLAY" draws our attention to two similar cases, in one of which a tailor's assistant received three months, while in the other a colonel's son was fined £5. Our experience, however, is that it is difficult to pronounce upon police court cases from newspaper reports alone.

F. J. P. (Camberwell).—It is quite usual to call a man a gun when he goes out shooting. He is also sometimes known as a son of a gun.

A. R. (Kensal Rise).—We have ordered a new tin, but not for home consumption. Glad you like everything except our new theology.

S. G. (Sheffield).—It was certainly funny to insert an In Memoriam notice of a husband's death and wind it up with the words "still a widow." Perhaps someone will take the hint.

F. W. (London, S.E.).—Thanks, we have already awarded that biscuit.

A. R. B. (Brighton).—No, Sir.

F. A. B. (Bristol) sends us an amusing little poem which he says he has written, "not with the idea of seeing myself in print, but a much more praiseworthy motive—to benefit humanity." We really must join in this laudable effort.

J. W. A. H. (St. John's Wood) sends us an advertisement for correspondents: "No outlay of time or money needed, and no special qualifications necessary to secure regular income." If this were not obviously a trick, it would be just the kind of job we should like to take on ourselves.

R. J. B. (London, W.C.).—We are afraid we do not know of a mal-formed nose expert, and Mr. Caldwell is not available. Why not try a round with the gloves?

"SPARE TIME" (Leicester).—We know nothing of "the Great Homework Guide" (Midland Publishing Company, 21, Longsdale Road, Harborne, price 5s.), nor do we believe in their offer of £3 to £6 a week.

E. W. M. B. (Glasgow).—We are glad to hear that you enjoyed all our seasonable sermons, but we are sorry that they kept you away from kirk.

P. M. (Glasgow).—Why?

"TRAVELLER" (Nottingham).—Why shouldn't they run?

"TREB" (Nottingham).—We don't see much use in penny classics if they are spread out over many numbers.

R. C. T. (Notting Hill).—They are not bad lines, but the subject of the other verses was scarcely important enough.

"TOZAFE" (Gunnersbury) sends us an extraordinary effusion which has added to our scanty stock of grey hairs.

IN a recent number we wrote "Cleopatra's Needle is still on the Embankment, but Cleopatra herself, where, oh where, is she?" A performing lady who has taken the name of Cleopatra writes to inform us that she is now at Wrexham. If she is anything like the portrait on her notepaper, we must really run down and have a look at her.

"AFRICANUS" (Wimbledon) and F. C. (Salisbury Square) send particulars of the Exchange Business Bureau (30, Windermere Road, Ealing, W.). The Bureau wants to hear of businesses for sale, and offers half a guinea for each name and address which leads to negotiations for the sale of the business indicated. The fishy part of the circular is a request for "a nominal appointment charge of 2s. 6d. to be paid upon accepting the post." See answer to J. W. A. H. (St. John's Wood).

L. A. J. (Fulham) has been reading us for a long time, but, strangely enough, is still a Protectionist. Stranger still, he seems quite anxious to be taxed as an importer. Then why not tax himself and hand the money over to some charity? The case for Free Trade may be summed up in a nutshell by saying that increased prices injure consumers, that everybody is a consumer, and that wages never increase at the same rate as prices.

J. G. (London, N.E.).—It is not incredible that sunshine reflected from ice should produce "a kind of sunstroke."

E. M. (Sydenham) has been staggered by a statement that the verdict in the Fleet tragedy was delivered at 2.37, reached the *Evening News* two seconds later, and within half a minute was being published in the street. We think this is an exaggeration, but the news could arrive by telephone in two minutes and be published five minutes later.

D. McN. (Sierra Leone) takes up the cudgels for Mr. Keir Hardie with reference to a paragraph we published last November. It is a little bit late to re-open the question we then raised, and we regret that our correspondent lives too far away to be able to give us the benefit of his trenchant criticisms more promptly. But we are glad that on the whole he is not altogether displeased with us, and that we sometimes cheer him up in his unattractive retreat.

W. S. (Sidcup) comments upon the fact that bread and butter, oranges, sweets and coke were distributed among poor children recently. But we see no reason for believing that they were expected to eat the coke. Perhaps the word was Lord Northcliffe's misprint for cake.

"RAZ" (Forest Gate).—We do not see anything very funny in the magistrate's promise to help the prisoner when he should be released, but no doubt it would have been kinder to refrain from sending him to prison at all.

G. S. (Tooting) complains that "a fair maiden" at Balham Post Office said to him, "You did ought to have got it before this," and he wants to know whether she passed a Civil Service examination. But what does her grammar matter if her looks are all right?

"PATENT" (Perth) invented an "unopenable envelope." This does not sound very useful, but he was recommended by Crozier and Co. (110-111, Strand) to patent it. He states he took out provisional protection and they said they had a client who would purchase if a full patent were taken out. When this had been done, they said their client would only purchase if a French patent were also taken out. Fearing he might be compelled to take out patents all over the world, our correspondent then withdrew. He says he has spent about £13, and Crozier and Co. will do nothing for him. We shall be glad to hear the other side of the matter.

F. R. G. S. (Trondhjem, Norway) is making a practice of leaving us about in high places. We are ordering a thicker cover at once.

C. H. (Brixton) sends us an advertisement of an "exceptional bargain" in the shape of a bicycle which has never been ridden and "must be cleared," by "Accountant," 1, Mayflower Road, Clapham Road. He says this has appeared every night in the *Evening News* for the last two months with varied descriptions of the seller—Chemist, Housekeeper, Accountant, &c. This is one of the tricks of the trade.

F. J. B. (Finchley).—We know nothing about the Practical Correspondence College (Thanet House, Strand), but we should not advise you to pay them six guineas to teach you to write advertisements.

H.E.D.(Upper Norwood).—"The sun upon which the British Empire never sets" was evidently a slip. That wretched printer again!

A. V. H. (Brixton Hill) wants us to tackle a parson about the following speech: "He vigorously urged those present to give a few black eyes to the men who blasphemed and poisoned the atmosphere where youths were employed, and told filthy stories. 'But,' he added, 'don't try to knock a man down unless you are sure you can do it, otherwise you will look a fool.'" Evidently a case of muscular Christianity combined with Christian prudence.

S. L. H. (Bristol).—Jim Crow is much obliged, but he does not drink tea at this time of year.

"DISGUSTED" (Leeds) sends us a report of a lecture by the Rev. J. S. Daniell on Uganda. A black boy asked him for a New Testament, "but the missionary told him he would have to work for it. He offered to give the black a Testament if he would fetch the letters from a fort eight miles away for ten consecutive times, a distance in all of 160 miles. The Testaments were sold to the natives for 8d., but when the boy received his copy he complained that it was not well bound, and expressed a desire for a better-bound book at 1s. 4d. The missionary gave him one after he had again completed 160 miles more, having travelled in all a distance of 320 miles for sixteenpence." Our correspondent remarks: "This is a man sent out as a missionary to distribute the Gospel. Yet he delights in telling a British audience that he made a poor little nigger run 320 miles for sixteenpence. I think this is slavery." Sweating, at any rate.

J. G. (Cardiff).—Yes, but we suppose that children are usually brought up in the religion of their parents.

H. G. (Woodford).—If your friend agreed to pay only one guinea, she cannot, of course, be compelled to pay two guineas.

MR. H. S. PHILLIPS, brother of the late Major H. G. C. Phillips, wishes us to know that at the time of the Major's funeral "nothing was proved against him, except that he had committed suicide whilst insane, and as he was on the Reserve, he was entitled to military honours, and these were courteously granted by the military authorities." We prefer to make no further comment upon the matter.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

MILNE, SON & HAMILTON,
Stock, Share and Debenture Dealers,
SWAN CHAMBERS,
GREAT SWAN ALLEY, LONDON, E.C.
Branch Office: OCEAN CHAMBERS,
WATERLOO STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
Telegrams: "Milniltan, London." *Telephone No.: 223 Central.*
THE ART OF INVESTMENT
SHOWING HOW TO OPERATE IN STOCKS AND SHARES AND TERMS FOR OPENING AN ACCOUNT,
Forwarded Gratis and Post Free on application.

BIRKBECK BANK.
Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

FREE PAMPHLET No. 27.
describing scheme for providing professional business men with an income of £1 to £15 per week during incapacity by any kind of sickness or accident, with *guaranteed* return of all contributions. Send name and address to—
HENRY BROWN, 13, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?
If so, What is your Number?

SEE PAGE 101.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of "*The Globe*.")

The Birch Case.

It is truly the case that the more one endeavours to help others the greater are the troubles which involv them. In the Divisional Court we had another sequel to poor Arthur Birch's serious mishap at Gatwick last winter, which crippled him for life. Under the sad circumstances it was very pleasant to suggest and carry out a subscription list, the total amounts—when paid—exceeding in all some £1,900. The difficulties in endeavouring to collect all the promised donations exceed the efforts one readily makes on behalf of such a good cause. Yet, in doing my best this is the second time that I have been involved in law; while, after publishing the technical diagnosis as to Birch's back injury—as given me *verbatim* by Professor Raby—I personally paid damages to a hospital to avoid a threatened libel action from the medical man who had previously attended the ill-fated horseman. The claim which Prof Raby, an osteologist or bone-setter, has now twice endeavoured unsuccessfully to press is for his attentions to Birch during the ten weeks the jockey was induced to submit himself to his care. At the outset no mention of fees or the rate was made, and it is unquestionable that Birch honestly believed throughout that he was not to be personally liable. That "someone" owes Raby "something" for such accommodation, food, and attention as he gave Birch is obvious, and I was always prepared to pay a fair rate for such. My suggestion was that Raby should be reimbursed all out-of-pocket expenses, but not charge any actual fee until the positively promised 75 per cent., if not entire cure was effected. At the time Birch's accident provided "a famous case" so countless medical men and bone-setters sought its charge by way of advertisement—especially after the jockey had been pronounced incurable. Fame, not fees, was then the allurement.

The Facts.

The actual truth of matters cannot always be gleaned from an abbreviated or garbled report: extraneous points are brought in and misunderstood "instructions to counsel" become responsible for perverted statements. Thus things are not exactly what we read. It is a characteristic of the law when a jockey's mishap leads to the arguing of legal points, such as the validity of an oath or the discrimination between a nonsuit and a judgment for defendant under the old County Court Act. One's hastily written personal letters, too, are never meant to be dissected and analysed as to "what they mean" by two learned judges, so that deductions never dreamt of by the writers are, by one side or the other, imported. That Birch's defence—that is, my own and other evidence—was on neither occasion required, clearly shows that the plaintiff failed utterly on his *own* side of the case. Yet, as now, it permits unfair reflections to remain uncontradicted. If one side of the case runs until late in the afternoon, then it is more than ever merged into a summarised technical verdict. It might well be read that Birch and I in turn placed the liability upon each other. It was never so; why should it be? Had I paid it would have been with Birch's own money, viz.: that which I had collected not really to pay bills, but for his wife and children. The suggestion was also now made that Major Christophers should have paid Raby's fee, because he was his friend, and introduced him into the case. It was, moreover, pretty generally reported in the papers that Major Christophers would bear all the expense—and Raby himself even read such news to Birch, who believed it. But, knowing the facts, and having been a party to Raby's original examination of Birch—it is only fair to admit two things—firstly, that Major Christophers acted solely with the *most* charitable and the highest of motives; and secondly, that he *never* professed, and *never* intended, to pay all or any of the expenses himself. I should have liquidated any reasonable demand but for Birch's strict injunctions contrarily; it was his money, and therefore, as I wrote Raby, I could not deal with it—more especially to pay preposterous charges of a pound a day. For what? Raby is not a doctor, and therefore could not charge MEDICAL fees; the accommodation and food which he did provide were amply covered by what I paid into court—viz., 20 guineas—that being two guineas a week. For proper nursing homes, with day and night nurses, Birch subsequently paid three and four guineas per week—not seven, as Raby finally desired to impose, although not giving him the professed attention and being without any certificated nurse. It is not correct, as reported, that Birch left Raby's house over a question of his having stout—that was but one of dozens of trivial questions. Nor was the rejected evidence of Dr. Day of the slightest value, as was now professed. It would have been much more advantageous to Raby had the proposal that Major Christophers and the writer should arbitrate on the matter originally been accepted. Among sportsmen there is always reasonable give and take; liberal appreciation of good services, but equally determined rejection of any "bluff" claim, should the case merit it.

Prophetic.

The little mare Adonis III., who is in at many places in the near future, will win a small handicap, especially if it be a selling, such as the Lambourne Handicap at Newbury to-day (Thursday). Here, too, of course, we must not miss Venetian in the Moderate Handicap, while in face of the Lingfield form, I should emphatically trust

Irish Wisdom

for the Winchester Steeplechase—especially if he be ridden by Geo. Clancy, who understands the horse, for he is a funny animal to handle, and needs knowing. If you get hold of his head he is a beautiful jumper, but with anyone on his back not aware of his peculiarities he is no good at all. To this mainly do I attribute his Lingfield beating, although he ran well, and in face of an obvious disadvantage in the handicap, reading that form literally, I think Mr. Ross MacGillicuddy's horse pretty sure to win a nice 3-mile steeplechase handicap before many weeks are over. Besides at Newbury—in progress when John Bull is published—Kempton provides us with some of the best sport of the season. The South Hatch horses will be prominent here; Epsom, in fact, looks like playing a very bold hand, although it is not likely that Canary II. will contest the Staines Handicap, the entry for which was obviously an error. However, Melane, Titan, and especially

First Champion

(in the Middlesex Hurdle Race) are worth remembering.

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